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JUNE 11, 1982

Buckley on BILLY GRAHAM —see page 718

NATIONAL REVIEW

TALKING BACK TO THE SKEPTICS

JACK KEMP

M SMTH020E- 013 821
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR
COLORADO S

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN MEXICO:

OR

WILL CORRUPTION KILL?

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

Also In This Issue:

John R. Coyne Jr. ◆ S. R. Slaymaker II ◆ Michael A. Scully ◆ Michael Novak
John McLaughlin
Brian Crozier

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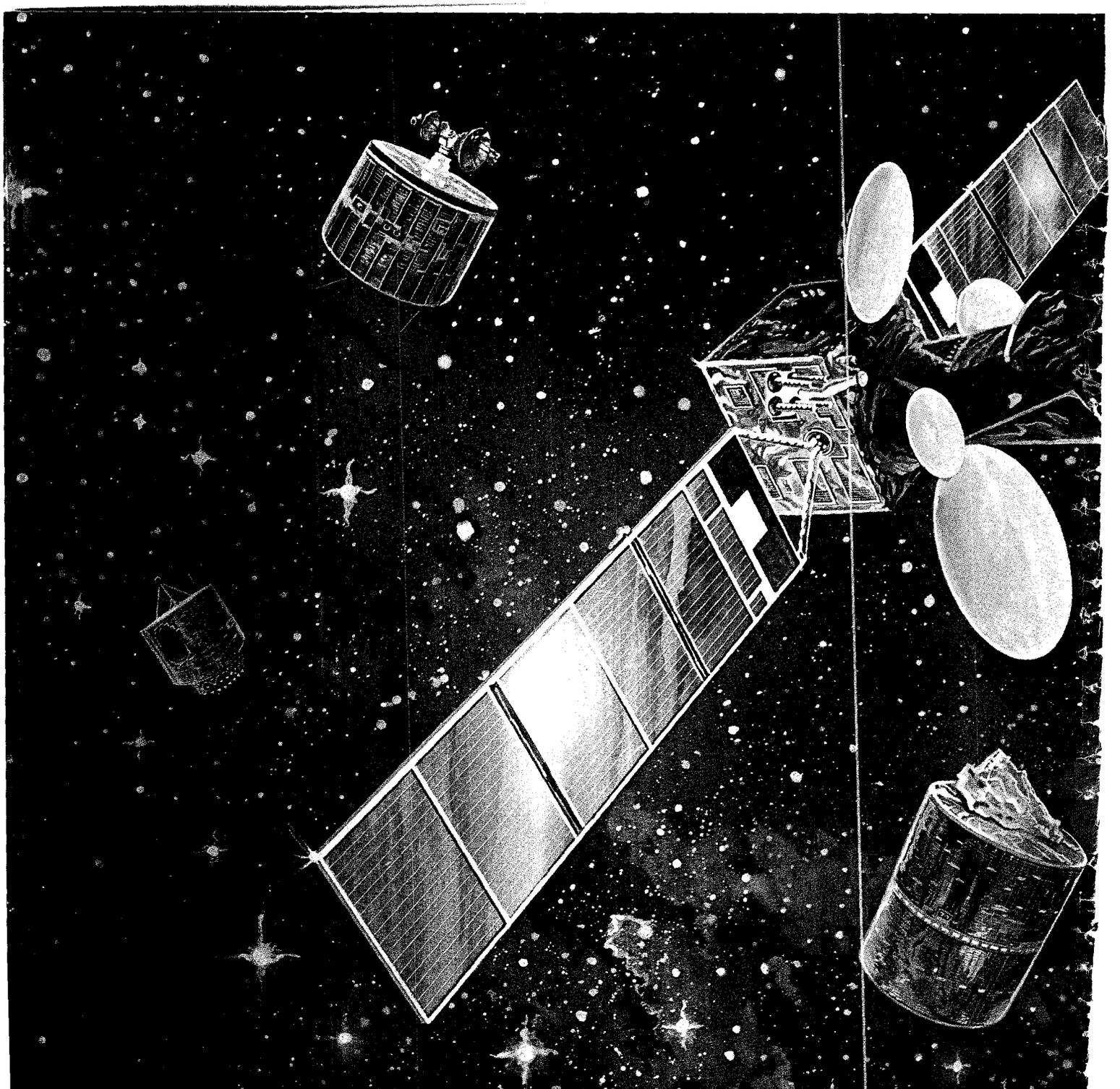

Watching The

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Ford Motor Company's involvement in radio communication began on November 20, 1920, when the Henry Ford Wireless Station broadcast the Harding-Cox election returns to hundreds of people in Dearborn, Michigan, with their ears glued to their crystal receivers.

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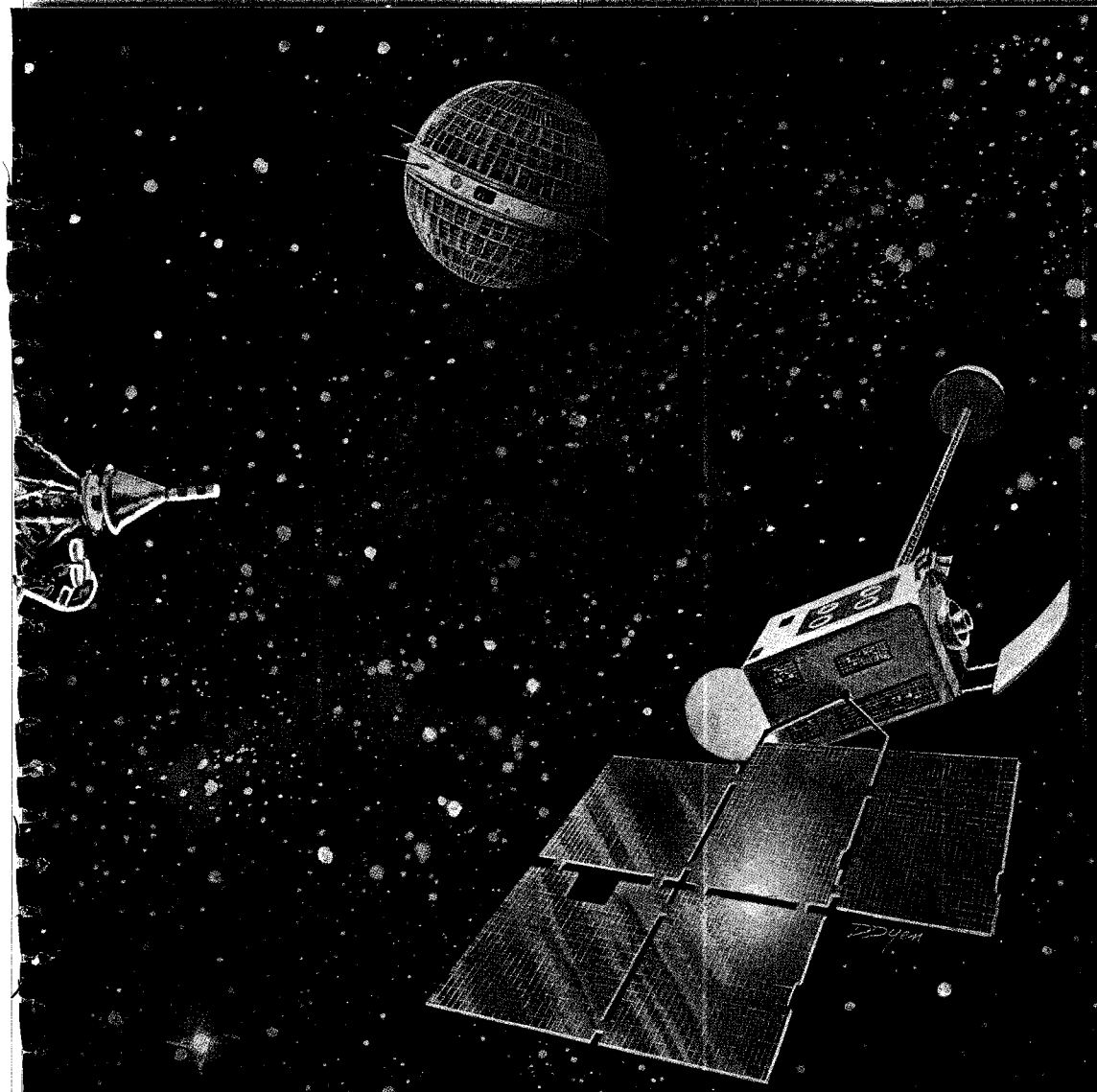

Fords Go By.

400 messages a day. The Ford Aerospace built Communications satellites today process tens of millions of messages daily.

Now Ford Aerospace technology helps guide the Columbia Space Shuttle. And helped bring back pictures from Saturn. In fact, almost 1,100 of the people who work at NASA's Johnson Space Center are Ford Aerospace employees.

If it were shown separately, Ford Aerospace would rank in the Fortune 500, with sales approaching a billion dollars a year. The sky's the limit.

Ford

There's A Ford In America's Future.

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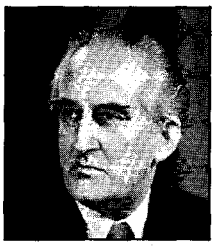

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700 **Joseph Sobran** welcomes Thomas Reeves's gigantic *The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy*, 819 pages of documented drama. It covers the facts, it tries to be fair, and what more can you ask? Just a little. . . . **Hugh Kenner** likens D. Keith Mano's *Take Five* to Pac-Man. Wouldn't you know, he means it as a compliment. It's about this guy named Simon Lynxx, whose life becomes literally tasteless, and the pages are numbered backward—oh, just read it. . . . **Jeffrey Brodrick** finds Thomas McGuane's new novel preposterous—wonderfully so. . . . George Steiner brings Hitler to life again, marvels **D. Keith Mano**. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** hails a serious new thriller by Bill Granger. . . . Mencken's memoirs are back (abridged). **Terry Teachout** rejoices. . . . Blake Edwards's new flick, *Victor/Victoria*, is right down there with the worst of Otto Preminger, says **John Simon**. . . . **S. R. Slaymaker II** goes angling.

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Letters

Watch on the White House

Three cheers for Hadley Arkes ["A Lover's Lament for the Reagan Administration," May 28]! I voted for Ronald Reagan six times—twice for governor, three times in primaries, once for President. I was overjoyed when he finally won the office he should have had in 1968, and I thought he got off on the right foot: there were moral reasons for cleaning the economic house, since all the good things a nation can do depend on having a minimum of good health; and if intervention, mismanagement, and general foolishness had continued much longer, we wouldn't have been of any use to Solidarity or to the unborn.

But now my favorite leader seems to have forgotten that economics is a means, not an end. If all conservatism means is tinkering with the money supply, we could have re-elected Gerald Ford, thank you. Looking at some of the people in the Administration, you'd think we had. I still can't believe Ronald Reagan has changed his mind; I think I know him too well for that. The trouble is, he's surrounded by too many people who haven't changed theirs—who are as wrong now as they were in '76 and '68. The next house Reagan has to clean is the White House.

Jack Hirsch
Sacramento, Calif.

Ideological Warfare

I am writing to congratulate you on publishing an excellent article by Richard Brookhiser ["The Soft Voice of America" April 30]. Indeed, the "self-jamming" trend in VOA and Radio Liberty-Radio Free Europe has converted most of us, their former avid listeners, into their bitter critics. Just to appreciate the degree of this one-sided "objectivity," one should read an account by Eduard Stein, a chess master and aide to grand-master Korchnoi in the recent World Chess Championship, of the treatment given by VOA to Korchnoi and Karpov (see *Kontinent* Number 32).

It was also amusing to read how the mere mention of the word "propaganda" has evoked a storm of indignation in America. Keeping in mind that the Soviet Union quite openly spends more on propaganda than it does on arms, there is little surprise it is so remarkably successful in its international adventures. Is it still not clear to your fellow Americans that information has become the most powerful weapon at the end of the twentieth century, and that truth requires even more promotion than the lie?

Once upon a time, Queen Victoria rejected an early version of the submarine as a weapon of cowards, a disgraceful, very un-British way to fight an enemy. I wonder, what would have been the outcome of World War II, if this attitude had prevailed in Britain?

Vladimir Bukovsky
Cambridge, England

Arms Control in Latin America?

In his article "Cry El Salvador" [March 19] John Kurzweil accuses T. D. Allman of claiming, in the March 1981 issue of *Harper's*, that "there is no solution, but war" to the problems facing El Salvador. The accusation is unfair and inaccurate. Allman points out the impotence and foolishness of militarism when he writes, on page 45 of that issue:

"To travel from the other countries of Central America to Costa Rica and Belize was to encounter a paradox. The more lavishly armed the regime, the more vigilant and active its secret police, the more it felt itself to be jittery, imperiled, beset from within and without, and therefore the more in need of guns. . . . It was only in the countries that were utterly defenseless that one found any sense of security at all. Indeed, all manner of Costa Ricans and Belizans—from Marxists to millionaires—freely offered the same comments for which Archbishop Romero had paid with his life in El Salvador."

It will be a fine day indeed when NATIONAL REVIEW speaks the truth with as much clarity.

Leonard Nolt
Boise, Idaho

John Kurzweil's Reply

Mr. Allman's two main assumptions about El Salvador are, first, that its army, like others in Central America, is congenitally lawless and brutal ("Rape and pillage and torture were not aberrations: they were what Salvadoran soldiers and sergeants and officers did") and, second, that the only way to stop the killing of helpless *campesinos* is to deprive the soldiers of arms—hence his conclusions about Belize and Costa Rica.

But Belize would long ago have been conquered by Guatemala were it really undefended as well as unarmed. Belize's "sense of security" is directly traceable to the British arms that guarantee its independence. Costa Rica, meanwhile, has for years bought its security, as Mexico still does, by providing sanctuary and support for leftist insurgents occupied with revolutionary struggles in neighboring

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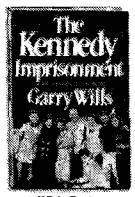

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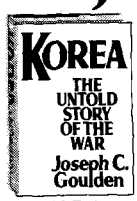

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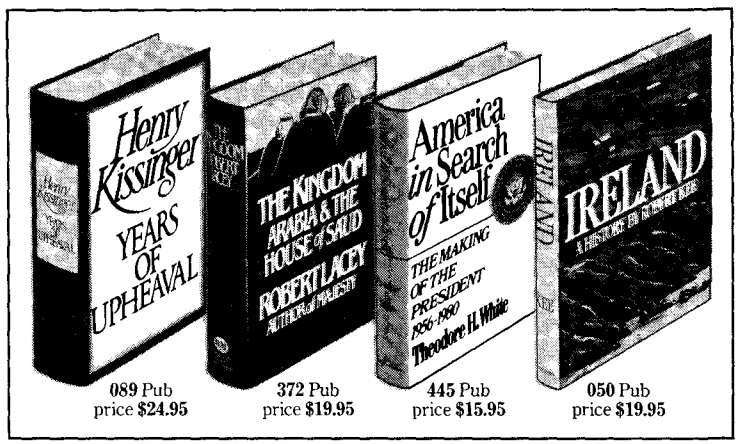

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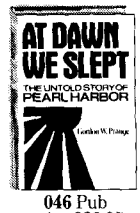

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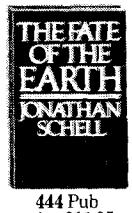

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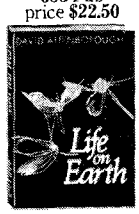

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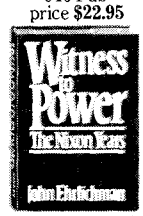

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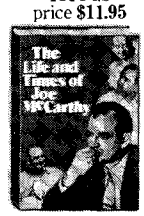

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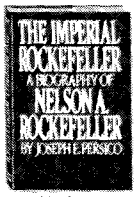

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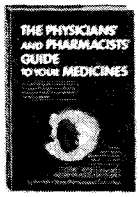

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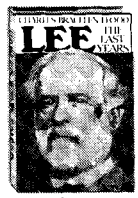

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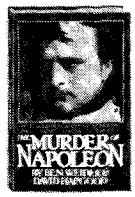

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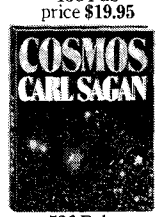

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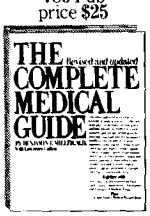

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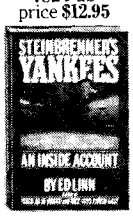

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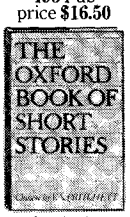

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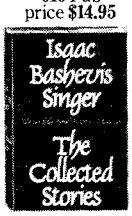

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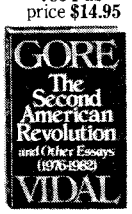

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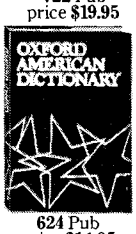

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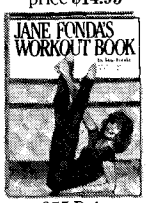

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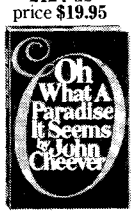

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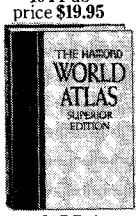

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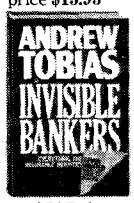

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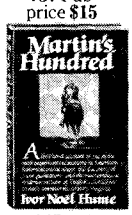

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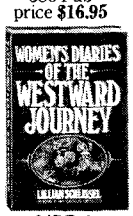

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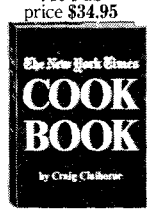

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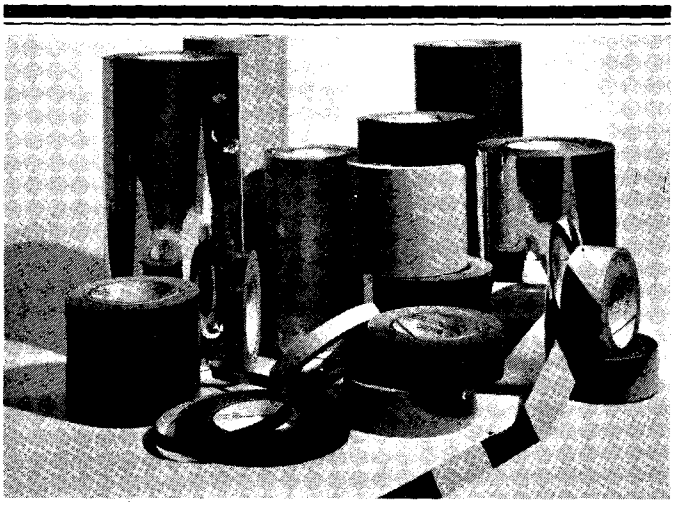

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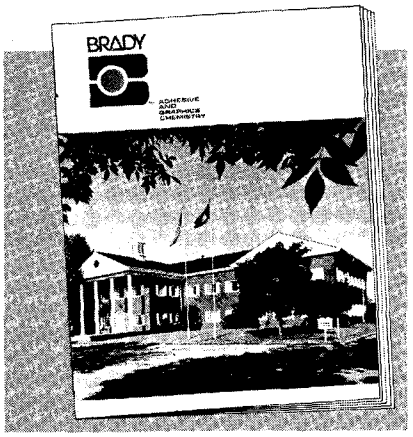

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lands. But now, as the *Washington Post* reported on April 28, "there is a serious worry that arms-supply networks and connections made to aid the Sandinistas in the struggle to overthrow dictator Anastasio Somoza could be turned against Costa Rica." And so, the *Post* reports, Costa Rica "may soon" be led "to create . . . something very like an army."

Allman's solution is that El Salvador forget about leftist terrorism, Cuban and Soviet arms, and the more than one million Salvadorans who risked their lives to vote—all this should be set aside so as to ensure "peace." Since this suggestion obviously won't be tried, Allman's portrait of the Salvadoran army and government for all practical purposes demands that they be overthrown by force of arms—that a war be fought. He opens his article, for example, by explaining that, were Christ to turn up in El Salvador today, He could only expect that the government would, as a matter of course, sever his tongue, genitals, arms, and legs and leave his body to rot. Under the circumstances, Allman concludes, fighting not only is justified, it is the people's moral obligation. Allman is free to write if he wants that "rape and pillage and torture" are the ineradicable characteristics of the Salvadoran government. But as long as he does, his contribution to the debate will remain that there is no solution but war.

Demurral

What next? Your editorial "Vox Populi" describes pre-World War II Poland and Austria as "autocracies," and says that Austria's Chancellor Dollfuss "presided over a fascist state" [May 14]. The writer of that editorial ought to go to school—and I don't mean *back* to school because chances are *that* is where he picked up such silly notions. I shudder to think how he would describe pre-war Hungary: a theocracy run by Ayatollah Horthy?

Couldn't we have an end of this tiresome lib-dem self-righteousness?

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

How would Mr. Molnar describe pre-war Poland? A Jeffersonskian democracy?

—RSB

Prison Reform

The "On the Right" column entitled "Prison Reform" [May 14] is "state-of-the-art" in terms of coherence and applicability.

As a professor of criminal justice at California State University, Long Beach, I am very pleased to use NATIONAL REVIEW in my class on Crime, Police, and Politics (along with *Mother Jones*, the *Spotlight*, the *Guardian*, and others). It invariably contains materials sparking intense debate and serious thinking.

A. C. Germann
Long Beach, Calif.

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An end to nonsense!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE RIGHT DIET AND EXERCISE TO LOSE WEIGHT SAFELY AND STAY SLENDER FOR LIFE (updated)

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Some years ago, we published a report on "An end to nonsense! The truth about the right diet and exercise to lose weight safely and stay slender for life." Unfortunately, the nonsense goes on—with "crash diet" following "crash diet," promising much but, at best, useless for permanent, healthy weight loss and, at worst, dangerous to health. The validity of what we published earlier has been underscored by the latest research which has also contributed added evidence, details, and guidance. And we bring you this updated report convinced that if you're carrying too much weight, you will find the facts and guidelines presented here very much worth attention.*

Among recent scientific findings about obesity is a striking one by Harvard Medical School researchers. It throws light on why some people, unhappily, gain weight more easily than others.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ June 8 is next big primary day. Going to the wire in California, Rep. **Barry Goldwater Jr.**—who has led all the way in seven-man GOP Senate primary race—slipped to third place at 19 per cent, behind San Diego Mayor **Pete Wilson** (26), and Rep. **Pete McCloskey**, the leftmost serious candidate (20), in **Teichner** Associates poll (May 22). . . . On Democratic side it looks as if **Gore Vidal** will be beaten by "a political corpse," which is what he has been calling Gov. **Jerry Brown**. Despite fact that Vidal has won endorsement of California trendies, former Sen. **John Tunney**, **Norman Lear**, and **Ed Asner**, he's trailing Brown 59 to 11 according to most recent **Mervin Field** poll. . . . A continent away, Rep. **Millicent Fenwick**'s energetic efforts to distance herself from a liberal voting record—I am not "a lady of the Left"—was not helped when she got **ADA**'s endorsement in her race for GOP senatorial nomination against **Jeff Bell**. Bell has been hammering away at Mrs. Fenwick's liberal voting record (her career rating with ACU is 37). A recent New Jersey poll of Republican voters found 47 per cent listed themselves as conservatives, 42 as moderates, only 9 as liberals. . . . In Ohio, interest centers on efforts of conservative Democratic Congressman **Ron Mottl** (a Boll Weevil) to fight back challenge of liberal Democrat **Edward Feighan** in his redrawn 19th CD. Mottl has been endorsed by the latest PAC in town, the Boll Weevil PAC.

■ The question starts to arise: Is Mayor **Koch** such a shoo-in for N.Y. Democratic gubernatorial nomination? A late **Gannett** poll shows Lt. Gov. **Cuomo** has narrowed Koch's once wide lead to ten points. Cuomo also has won endorsement of the New Democratic Coalition, the left wing of the state Democratic Party. Later Gannett poll shows Koch and Cuomo both only eight points ahead of political novice **Lew Lehrman**, front-runner in Republican gubernatorial sweepstakes. The figures: Koch 45 per cent, Lehrman 37; Cuomo 42, Lehrman 34. (Poll was taken before formal entry of former U.S. Attorney **Paul Curran** into race.) . . . In Conn., where there is general disbelief of **Lowell Weicker**'s claims that he has a large majority of delegates to state convention tied up, his former (1970) campaign manager **Michael Morano** says he is "now asking God for His forgiveness." Morano will "do anything and everything" to help GOP senatorial candidate **Pres Bush**. . . . Aiming high in Mass. is 34-year-old attorney and Navy veteran **Frank McNamara Jr.**, who has formally entered lists against Tip O'Neill in the heavily Democratic 8th CD. . . . GOP's hopes to upset Senate Minority Leader **Robert Byrd** in W.Va. dashed—to say the least—by **Peter Hart** poll that shows challenger Rep. **Cleve Benedict** just about where he was six months ago, 38 points behind Byrd.

Gurbutt, England Rothco

"We are still repulsing the British . . . it says here!"

■ About that rising sentiment for a nuclear freeze and disarmament, Gallup president **Andrew Kohut** confirms that sentiment is there but makes the point that people are not ready to accept U.S. inferiority in defense. Kohut points to *Newsweek* poll that found 60 per cent in favor of a freeze, but 61 opposing a freeze if it means Soviet nuclear advantage, and NBC/AP poll indicating 74 favor the end of nuclear arms production by *both* the U.S. and USSR, but only 14 favor unilateral disarmament. . . . Newest convert to freezism is usually level-headed **Ann Landers**, who calls on readers to send her anti-bomb column to RR *today* as a way to prevent "a nuclear holocaust that would mean the end of all life on this planet." (BEMUSED at *NR*.) . . . On the campuses (**Tufts**, **Harvard**, **Columbia**, **Georgetown**, **Berkeley**, **Dartmouth**), Students for Peace and Security are mounting counterattack. Their poster: A photograph of Soviet military parade. The caption: "The Soviet Union Needs You! Support a Nuclear Freeze."

■ Right info: Columnist and National Journalism Center Director **M. Stanton Evans** is replacing **Phillip Abbott Luce** as editor of biweekly *The American Sentinel*, which covers national defense, foreign affairs, internal security. . . . Meeting at Washington's Mayflower Hotel June 14, a Conference on Judicial Reform. Among the speakers, Judge **Robert Bork**, presidential aide **Edwin Meese**. (Write **Patrick McGuigan**, Judicial Reform Conference, 721 2nd St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

■ Going the State Department rounds: What do Argentine Communists practice? Answer: Gaucho Marxism.

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THE WEEK

■ The obvious answer to the Falklands somehow doesn't seem to have occurred to the world's statesmen. If Argentina wants more real estate, why didn't it *buy* the place instead of trying to take it by force? Think how much trouble would have been saved if it had offered to compensate aggrieved would-be British citizens and negotiate oil rights; and beyond that, the price of rocky sheep pasture in a miserable climate eight thousand miles from Great Britain ought not to be prohibitive.

■ The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, whose Unification Church was recently (see "The Week," *NR*, May 28) ruled eligible for tax exemption in New York State, was convicted of filing false returns to avoid taxes on $162,000 of personal income. Moon had declared in October, at the time of the indictment, that "I would not be standing here today if my skin were white and my religion were Presbyterian"—a point with some merit, considering how many tax cases are settled out of court. Moon will appeal. The case meanwhile offered an early test for the *Washington Times*, the Capital's new daily newspaper, financed by Moonies, but produced by mainstream journalists with guarantees of editorial independence. The *Times* passed, with an AP dispatch ("Moon is convicted / In income tax case") halfway down the front page, below Brezhnev, and below Begin.

■ After the Freedom of Information Act was amended and strengthened in 1971, criminals quickly discovered that they could turn it to their advantage, uncovering informants and details of investigations—whereupon, not surprisingly, informants clammed up and investigations bogged down. Local police began withholding information from the FBI and the CIA for fear that it would be disclosed. Stuart Knight, director of the Secret Service, estimated that he was receiving about half the information he had been getting before the Act became law; intelligence had eroded to such an extent in some cities that he recommended President Carter not visit them. The Senate Subcommittee on Criminal Law concluded that Congress "did not foresee the host of difficulties the Act would create for the law-enforcement community." The reform bill now wending its way through the Senate under the sponsorship of Senator Orrin Hatch offers some relief, not much. The Attorney General would be allowed to designate investigations into organized crime or terrorism which would be exempt from Freedom of Information Act inquiries for five, in some cases eight years. A proposal to exempt foreign counterintelligence investigations as well has been dropped. Look for a stampede of Mafiosi into the KGB (terrorists already work for it).

■ Sharp eyes at the *Wall Street Journal* caught Senator Charles Mathias (R., Md.) in mischief again. One of the five Senate Republicans who voted to repeal next year's scheduled tax-rate cut, Mathias called the cut a "sham transfer of money from the government to the consumers." Transfer? The government hasn't even *got* it yet. Good grief: now, under the Mathias Doctrine, Washington has a presumptive claim to all the wealth it had even *planned* to take.

■ John Loftus, a lawyer formerly with the Justice Department, has charged on *60 Minutes* that American officials smuggled some three hundred Byelorussian Nazi collaborators, many of them suspected war criminals, into this country after World War II. The smugglees were supposed to provide anti-Soviet intelligence; several of them later went to work for Radio Liberty. Loftus's story raises questions of propriety—the alleged operation was secret, and violated presidential directives. It's also pretty revolting to contemplate—according to Loftus, one of the émigrés, now dead, ordered the killing of nearly seven thousand Jews. In the investigation that will and should follow, though, let's not lose sight of the generic point: that it is morally permissible to play one totalitarian off against another. At least, that was the policy of the United States Government, which had just concluded a successful war against Hitler in alliance with Stalin, who had of course killed millions, including thousands of Jews. This doesn't mean our new-found collaborators deserved positions of trust—any more than Alger Hiss did.

■ Comrade Brezhnev is coming to the aid of the Soviet consumer. At a special meeting of the Communist Party's Central Committee, Brezhnev promised a "radical turn" in an effort to increase food supplies. For all Brezhnev's fondness for his subjects, the restructuring was undoubtedly forced upon him by the grim realities

The Importance of July First

What if the deficit is less
  Than Alice Rivlin claims?
What if returns are higher than
  The figure Stockman names?
When, finally, July arrives,
  What if we're jolted so
The bloom is on the rose again?
  Will Tip O'Neill lie low?

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Calvin Trillin writes satire for *The Nation*, and he has recently anthologized some fifty pieces in a book, *Uncivil Liberties*. One of these is making the rounds among Washington conservatives and causing very unedifying mirth. The passage deals with the imagined undergraduate ruminations of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. to his diary: "Dear Diary, Today I asked those cool Kennedy boys again if I could play in their touch football game on the quad and they said again that I was a wonk and a weenie and a wimp and a grind and walked like a duck. I told them that someday I would be a famous historian and if they ever let me play with them then I would write *whatever they wanted me to write*." By the way, has Arthur publicly uttered anything about having been surreptitiously taped by JFK? When that story came out, he voiced initial shock and disbelief, then was struck dumb.

■ Another story ricocheting around the Capital relates to Richard G. Darman, the protégé of Elliot Richardson who works for James Baker, chief of staff, and who mightily unsettles supply-siders and conservatives in general by his leftish orientation and overriding pragmatism. "A shadowy, powerful" figure, Evans & Novak pronounce him. At a recent staff meeting, Baker noted that when the editors of the *Conservative Digest* recently called for the "defunding of the Left, they must have meant they wanted us to cut Darman's salary"—a piece of wit that has accomplished more, in its way, to mitigate the Right's judgment of the sleek Baker than the President's stern reprimand of Clymer Wright, his 1980 Texas finance chairman.

Wright wrote to Reagan supporters that Baker had been undermining Reagan, the result of which was to create an image of the President as "an amiable, uninformed, lazy, slightly confused politician . . . a far cry from the genuine, courageous statesman we know Reagan to be." To which the Gipper replied in a letter to Wright which he personally composed. "Some in the media delight in trying to portray me as being manipulated. They do so because they are opposed to everything this Administration represents. . . . Don't join that group, Clymer—you are helping them with their sabotage. I'm in charge and my people are helping to carry out the policies I set."

Among other things, Jim Baker is a lightning rod, meaning that he deflects right-wing lightning from its principal target (Reagan) to himself. The problem is that Baker has been hit with so much lightning of late that he began holding the charge instead of grounding it. Sensing this, and aware that he needs Baker in this buffer role at least through the elections, Reagan interposed and "grounded" him with the letter to Wright. Most conservatives expect Baker to leave before the end of the year, perhaps going to Justice as Attorney General (a job that William French Smith, by a combination of political naïveté and personnel mismanagement, has inadvertently opened up), although Baker complains to friends of weariness.

Boiling this down, conservative opinion in Washington is divided. The majority believe that the President expects Baker to leave by year's end, and will not fight it. A smaller number think he wants Baker to stay through 1984; Dutch's Dutch-uncle letter to the Texas fundraiser, this minority believe, only underscores what they have been saying right along, namely that Baker has successfully isolated the President. Cato opts with the majority on this call.

■ A great brouhaha has been kicked up by the press over William French Smith's tax shelters and severance purse, matters which almost certainly entail not even technical infractions of any laws, rules, or regulations. Smith has been supererogatory, moreover, in his observance of canons of professional deportment, as when he stepped aside in Justice Department decisions involving IBM and the University of California, with which he had had previous contacts.

Why should any political appointee be expected to act impecunious even before he has been confirmed by the Senate? And why is the press, on the one hand, so infatuated with the slightest scent of personal shortcoming and, on the other, so uncaring about issues of great public moment, like Smith's numerous actions and speeches on color-blind jurisprudence, the restoration of a proper equilibrium among the three branches, and the need to roll back the excesses of judicial activism? Answer: Because human dereliction, real or putative, is 1) so easy to write about and 2) so easy to get journalistically famous by means of.

After the elections, watch for Smith to return to California. The Bob Jones University IRS debacle, Sinatra's birthday party, and now this rap: to William French Smith, public service is better described as the Washington bellyful.

—CATO

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of the Soviet agricultural system. A Soviet study reveals 1) a tenfold increase in food imports by the USSR over the past decade, 2) staggering levels of incompetence in the handling of agricultural equipment, 3) "direct losses" of crops due to negligence and a shortage of storage facilities—one-fifth of the grain harvest is lost because it is harvested late or left to rot. Since a crucial part of Brezhnev's new program calls for the channeling of more money into food production, the Soviets may finally have to beat some swords into ploughshares.

■ Early last month, the Constitutional Committee of the South African President's Council recommended changing South Africa from a parliamentary to a presidential system of government and creating a cabinet of white, Colored, and Asian South Africans. Within South Africa the plan is considered so daring an extension of political power to non-white minorities that Prime Minister Botha may be ousted from office if he endorses it. Indeed, the Committee was not even authorized to consider the question of admitting blacks to the government—only Asians and Coloreds. Nonetheless, liberal columnists and editorial writers have nothing to say about the Committee's recommendations other than that they are designed to 1) forestall black participation; or 2) appease American public opinion. In fact, the proposed reform is practical and liberalizing. The measures it calls for represent exactly the kind of reasonable progress that

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Their Way, Our Way

When President Sadat was shot
They either hanged or shot the lot
  Without too much palaver.
Here, shrinks and medics take the stand,
All holding the defendant's hand,
  Forgetting the cadaver.

W. H. VON DREELE

critics of South Africa say is all they are asking of that country in solving its monumental racial and tribal problems.

■ As it happens, Samuel Johnson is heavily involved in the Falkland Islands business. His remark that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel has been widely bandied about by Margaret Thatcher's critics, who do not understand that by "patriotism" Johnson meant John Wilkes and the "patriot" faction in the House of Commons, i.e., the critics of George III and his policies. Johnson also did not think highly of Britain's stake in the Falklands, "a bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use, stormy in winter and barren in summer; an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation; where a garrison must be kept in a state that contemplates with envy the exiles of Siberia; of which the expense will be perpetual, and the use only occasional." Harrumph.

■ After roughly a century and a half of aggressive secular humanism, the astounding result is that 95 per cent of Americans believe in God, and 71 per cent believe in life after death. This finding was made by a Gallup Poll, commissioned by the Center for Applied Research in the Apostolate of the Roman Catholic Church. The study was conducted in countries around the world, and showed Americans to be dramatically more religious and patriotic than, say, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, and Japanese. A high percentage (71 per cent compared to 43 per cent of Europeans and 22 per cent of Japanese) indicated that they were prepared to fight for their country; 84 per cent of the polled Americans said they took great pride in their work, compared to 36 and 37 per cent respectively of the Europeans and Japanese. Ruminations: Eat your heart out, Harvey Cox. And: How come Toyota makes a better car than Chrysler?

■ *NR* is pleased to welcome to the growing group of campus conservative newspapers the *Williams Republican*. For about as long as anyone can remember, Williams College, a wealthy little school in northwestern Massachusetts, has been a peculiarly pure enclave of snore liberalism. In its first issue the *Williams Republican* fields 12 handsomely printed pages, brightly written and notable for excellent photography. It offended every wimp on the campus. By *NR*'s count, around one hundred campus conservative papers are in the planning stages for next fall around the country. As Jerry Rubin once remarked, we are everywhere.

■ MOCK THAT BLETAPHOR DEP'T. A news report—we quote carefully—notes that John Hinckley pleaded innocent to "attempted murder on the President's life." Another report, from the Falklands, reassures us that "no one was hurt in today's violence."

■ In case you fear that political good works go unnoticed, take heart from a recent Gallup poll ranking 24 professions according to honesty, integrity, and ethical standards. Here are the *bottom* eight, in descending order: congressmen, local officeholders, real-estate dealers, union leaders, state officeholders, insurance salesmen, advertising agents, auto salesmen.

■ Sorry to report that the largest star in the Milky Way is going to explode "soon," in the next ten thousand years or so, without a doubt another casualty of Reaganomics.

■ For what may well be the first time in his career, liberal economist Paul Samuelson is trying to get the country moving—by doing a radio commercial for Allied Van Lines. Professor Samuelson has had to put up with a certain amount of undignified comment from his colleagues, and already regrets doing the commercial. A "miscalculation," he says. Not the first one of *those* in his career.

■ Sophia Loren is in jail, and considering who isn't in that country, that's our last report on Italy this year.

The Hive Buzzes On: Disarmament

Brace yourself. From June 9 to July 7 New York City will be the scene of the United Nations Second Special Session on Disarmament. While the first UN Special Session on Disarmament, held in mid-1978, convened and concluded almost unnoticed by the real world, this second session promises to be different. The global megaphone will magnify every detail; the topic is now hot.

In 1978, Jimmy Carter was President of the United States. Detente, though far from the robust specimen it was in the early Seventies, still was considered worth resuscitating by many in the West. Then came the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December of 1979. Eleven months later, in November of 1980,

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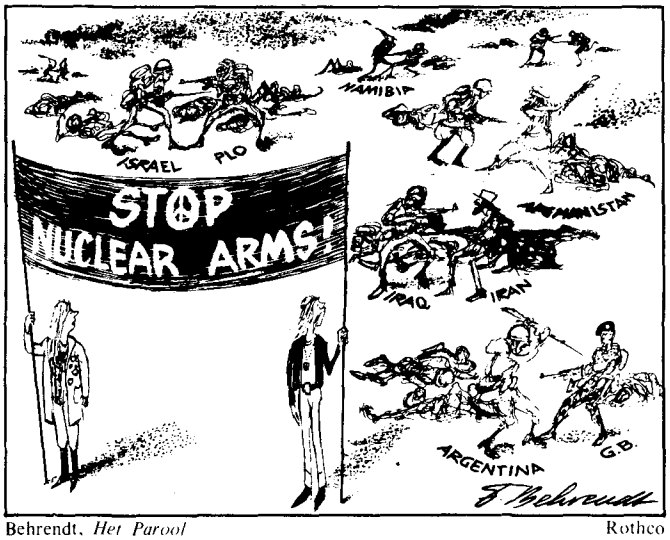
Americans replaced Jimmy Carter with a man who vowed to rebuild America's military arsenal.

Could it be a coincidence then that a few months later Soviet ruler Leonid Brezhnev, addressing the 26th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, happened to issue a call for a nuclear "moratorium," which, if agreed to by the West, would have the effect of granting the Soviet Union permanent superiority in strategic weapons? Could it be another coincidence that Boris Ponomarev, head of the Kremlin's International Department and the man in charge of the Soviet "peace offensive" (in Orwell-speak), told a group of scientists in December that the "interest of preserving peace calls for further development of the antiwar movement, since no one has canceled the U.S. giant military programs"? From these coincidences, we now turn to other coincidences, all relating directly to the forthcoming UN session.

What follows is a brief list of some of the organizations that are actively involved in the disarmament campaign: American Friends Service Committee; Center for Defense Information; Clergy and Laity Concerned; Institute for Policy Studies; Mobilization for Survival; National Lawyers Guild; Riverside Church Disarmament Program; U.S. Peace Council; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

All of these organizations and many others not listed here have links, of one sort or another, to the Soviet Union. The connection of the American Friends Service Committee, for example, goes back to the Twenties and continues well into the Seventies, when the group collaborated with the Soviet-controlled World Peace Council in the campaign against U.S. aid to South Vietnam. Mobilization for Survival dates back to 1976, when it was organized by a group of activists from the World Peace Council. The U.S. Peace Council, founded in 1979, is the U.S. branch of the World Peace Council. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has collaborated so effectively that last year it was given the honor of official affiliation with the World Peace Council.



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rotheo

Over 500,000 people are expected to attend the major demonstration of the session, scheduled for June 12 in Central Park, and a great majority of them will be political innocents desiring nothing more than to express their horror at the possibility of nuclear war. Since most of them will know nothing of the origins of, say, the U.S. Peace Council, it will matter little to them that they are marching under its banner. Nor will most of them notice that the chants that they hear won't be for mutual disarmament but for unilateral American disarmament. (This too can be justified: the Women's International League tells its members that, as Americans, their primary responsibility is to work to reverse American nuclear policy.)

Of course, if the American media, which have lavished such attention on the disarmament movement, had lavished a fraction of that attention on the organizations generating support for disarmament there wouldn't be nearly as many innocents in the crowd on June 12. It is unlikely that John Rees, publisher and editor of the biweekly *Information Digest*, has resources to match those of the *Washington Post* and *New York Times*, but *Information Digest*, unlike the *Post* and the *Times*, has published a meticulously documented analysis of the disarmament campaign, complete with Communist connections. The conventional media seem oblivious to all this.

Nuclear Movement, Cont'd

Full-page ads aiming to organize the anti-nuclear manifestation described above are appearing over the signature of an umbrella organization known as the National Mobilization for Survival. As to the political effectiveness of this operation, well, we will have to see; but the ad itself reveals some interesting things.

For example, one would be hard put, from a common-sense point of view, to discern any connection between 1960s-style opposition to the Vietnam War, anti-nuclear politics, and a pro-guerrilla position on Central America. One might, on this or that ground, be against the Vietnam War but, on the other hand, for the U.S. atomic deterrent. Conceivably, one might think the Ho Chi Minh forces had a case, but that the Salvadoran guerrillas lack popular support. And so on. Discrete situations, apples and oranges.

But examining the National Mobilization ad, one notices some interesting things. The Old Vietniks are cropping up once again: Bella Abzug, Jules Feiffer, Jane Fonda, Ben Spock, Bishop Paul Moore, Dan Ellsberg, Dave Dellinger. On empirical grounds, then, there must be some connection not only between opposition to the Vietnam War and opposition to nuclear weapons, but between anti-Vietnamism and opposition to the defensive neutron artillery shell, which is planned for use *only* against a Soviet tank attack across the north German plain.

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There is also a Salvadoran aspect. Ed Asner, for example, favors the Salvadoran guerrillas. He also has jumped aboard the nuclear protest. Where's the connection?

The glue in all of this, of course, is a hard-Left world view, an unremitting hostility to Western interests. For students of Left behavior, however, the National Mobilization advertisement includes a new element, perhaps changing the equation.

Why, for example, is Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit part of this picture? Or Arthur Ashe, the former tennis star?

It looks as if a black component has been added to the hard-Left political amalgam. The eye scans the page: Arthur Ashe, Julian Bond, Ron Dellums, Maynard Jackson, Charles Rangel, Andy Young, Coleman Young.

Just what anti-deterrence has to do with the politics of black America remains mysterious.

Thanks a Lot, Billy

Dr. Billy Graham's Moscow foray turned out much worse than we could have anticipated—so bad that, in a way, it was good. No one ever thought he was Solzhenitsyn—but no one expected Corliss Lamont, either.

For months before his journey, the liberal press had been grooming Graham for a starring role as a convert to enlightenment. He was widely quoted as disparaging the Moral Majority, he confessed his bad judgment in accepting the hospitality of Richard Nixon, and most recently he had been, in the words of a *CBS Evening News* puff job, "thinking and speaking out" on nuclear war.

But like Gerald Ford liberating the Poles or Jimmy Carter smooching Brezhnev, Graham overdid it. Instead of following the time-honored liberal custom of ignoring blatant facts, Graham flatly denied them; and added unbelievably inane praise of Russian caviar to boot. The wretched fellow didn't know where to stop; enlightened he may be, but fine-tuned he is not.

It was a terrible embarrassment to the people who had invested so much in his third birth, this time as a liberal. He made them look like fools too, and they have been forced to repudiate him. Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post* sternly said it had not been Graham's mission to "blab indiscriminately"; Graham was guilty of "talking too much and thinking too little." (Note the reversal, in unconscious irony, of the laudatory "thinking and speaking out.")

Worst of all, from the liberal point of view, the affair forced the media to focus directly on all those facts about the Soviet persecution of religion that the liberal sensibility tries to evade. Graham was sent to promote "peace," but he inadvertently unsheathed a sword.

The Compromise, God Help Us

President Reagan has approved the Senate Judiciary Committee's compromise bill massively expanding the Voting Rights Act. Thus he resolves, for the moment, a political problem of the first magnitude for both the Republican Party and the civil-rights establishment. Such an amicable resolution of such a bitter dispute can mean only one thing: that the language in the bill has been artfully fudged so as to leave it open to conflicting interpretation by the two sides. Having kicked the crucial issues up to the courts to decide, Congress will predictably complain of "judicial activism" when the courts eventually decide those issues.

Until they do, a major question is whether the Justice Department will follow the principles of the President, or the principles of his adversaries, in construing the new law's ambiguities. Those ambiguities are formidable. New language in the Act assures the right of a "protected class" to "equal access" to the political system, but does not define either term. Every local election law in the country—existing laws as well as new ones, and Northern as well as Southern—will have to pass a new and stringent review. Civil-rights spokesmen tried to assure nervous lawmakers that this new standard was really not an "effects" test. It is natural for them to want to avoid any association with the "effects" test that has for many years been applied to new laws in covered jurisdictions throughout the country. In the hands of the Justice Department and the courts, that standard has been used to disrupt elections not only in the South but in many other places as well. In cities like Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia, and more recently Port Arthur, Texas, the result has been "affirmative gerrymandering" to achieve approximate proportional representation. In New York City, where redistricters have failed to carve out an acceptable quota of safe minority seats on the city council, Justice and the courts have been holding up elections for a year now, with no resolution in sight.

The Senate and the Administration did manage to win compromise language in the bill clearly specifying that officials would not have to be elected in direct proportion to their race. (That such a disclaimer would be necessary at all is frightening.) Since this is the clearest language in the new bill, one would expect the courts to heed it. We should bear in mind, however, that Hubert Humphrey promised to eat the *Congressional Record* if the Civil Rights Act of 1964 ever led to hiring quotas. No senator was willing to risk cellulosic indigestion by making a similar pledge this time.

Proportional representation is not the only danger in the concept of "access." If "access" simply means the right to vote and have one's vote counted, then the new language merely reaffirms existing law. If it means that

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every feature of every election law, from the ballot positions of the candidates to the date on which the primary is held, must be turned to the perceived advantage of minority candidates, then we will have lost a big chunk of our democratic liberties. Most senators would probably say it means something in between, and then run for the exits.

But the Justice Department, unlike the Senate, will not enjoy the luxury of ducking the issue. It will be obliged to tell the courts at an early date what it thinks the language does mean. In fact, the very *Mobile* case that kicked off the current controversy is again up for decision. The Supreme Court will probably be asked to decide whether Mobile should be legally compelled to carve three safe black council seats out of nine to represent its 35 per cent black population. Then the Department will have to offer the Court its view of whether the law requires race-conscious line-drawing, or whether—if courts absolutely have to draw redistricting lines—they should do so solely on the basis of objective factors like equality of population and geographical compactness.

If the Department argues for the latter view, and for a restrictive reading of the other vague terms of the compromise, we may escape the catastrophic effects predicted by many constitutional scholars. If, on the other hand, the Department lacks the strength to withstand liberal criticism, further battles lie ahead.

Now What, George?

George Wallace is running for governor in Alabama again, this time as a moderate. It is widely calculated that the state's liberal Democrats will kill each other in the primary in September, leaving Wallace to do battle with the conservative Republican mayor of Montgomery, Emory Folmar.

In 1968 Wallace changed the political landscape of America, making conservative noises that ate appreciably into the tallies of both Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, but wrecked Humphrey in the South and in the ethnic suburbs. He now says he had planned on being Humphrey's running-mate in 1972; he was running strong in the primaries when he was shot, and it is fascinating to speculate on how the election might have turned out with him on the Democratic ticket. In 1976 Jimmy Carter took him out early in the South, and it was assumed he would retire for good.

We argued, in 1968, that he was no principled conservative; now, as he campaigns for black support, it appears that he was never a principled segregationist. What he always was was an extremely canny politician, and it will be instructive to see whether he deems it opportune, in running against Folmar, to attack Ronald Reagan directly. Under it all, there's not a dime's worth of difference between the new and the old George Wallace.

SALT, START, And Strategic Reality

It took two and a half years to negotiate the SALT I treaty and seven more to arrive at the now sidetracked SALT II treaty. The progression suggests the probability of a considerable delay before the finish of START. The two superpowers, moreover, are starting out at points of wide divergence—with the United States expressly urging mutual reductions with a view to alleviating the nuclear danger overhanging international politics, and the Soviet Union calling for an immediate standstill that would set its strategic preponderance in concrete.

As the President's assistant for National Security Affairs, William P. Clark, said the other day, the basic circumstance is: "Our interests are global, and they conflict with those of the Soviet Union, a state which pursues worldwide policies inimical to our own. The Soviet Union maintains the most heavily armed military establishment in history and possesses the capability to project its military forces far beyond its own borders. We have vital interests around the world, including maritime sea lanes of communication. The hard fact is that the military power of the Soviet Union is now able to threaten those vital interests."

It is hard to imagine any circumstances likely to coax the Soviet Union to relinquish such an actual advantage. A substantive treaty that the United States could happily accept may be beyond reach. To say this is not to say that no treaty whatsoever can be agreed on. Pressures on the superpowers to arrive at some kind of a pact will continue to be considerable. A treaty marginal to the central strategic issues that really count should not prove beyond contriving—perhaps even relatively soon.

The Longer View

Every war is *sui generis*. The surprise hostilities in the South Atlantic are turning out to be the inverse of Vietnam, with no TV coverage but high technology otherwise busy—as illustrated in such episodes as the sinking of a cruiser by a nuclear-powered submarine's homing torpedoes, the destroying of a destroyer by an anti-ship missile launched from a plane many miles away, the sidelining of a submarine by a helicopter, and the downing of some number of bombers, fighters, and cargo planes by radar-triggered ground missiles. The antagonists are engaged at the limits of their reach. Argentina's mainland-based Mirages and Skyhawks can just make it to the combat zone. The same goes for Britain's Harriers flying off aircraft carriers just beyond reach of Argentina's Falkland-based planes. Britain's AWACS planes, called Nimrods,

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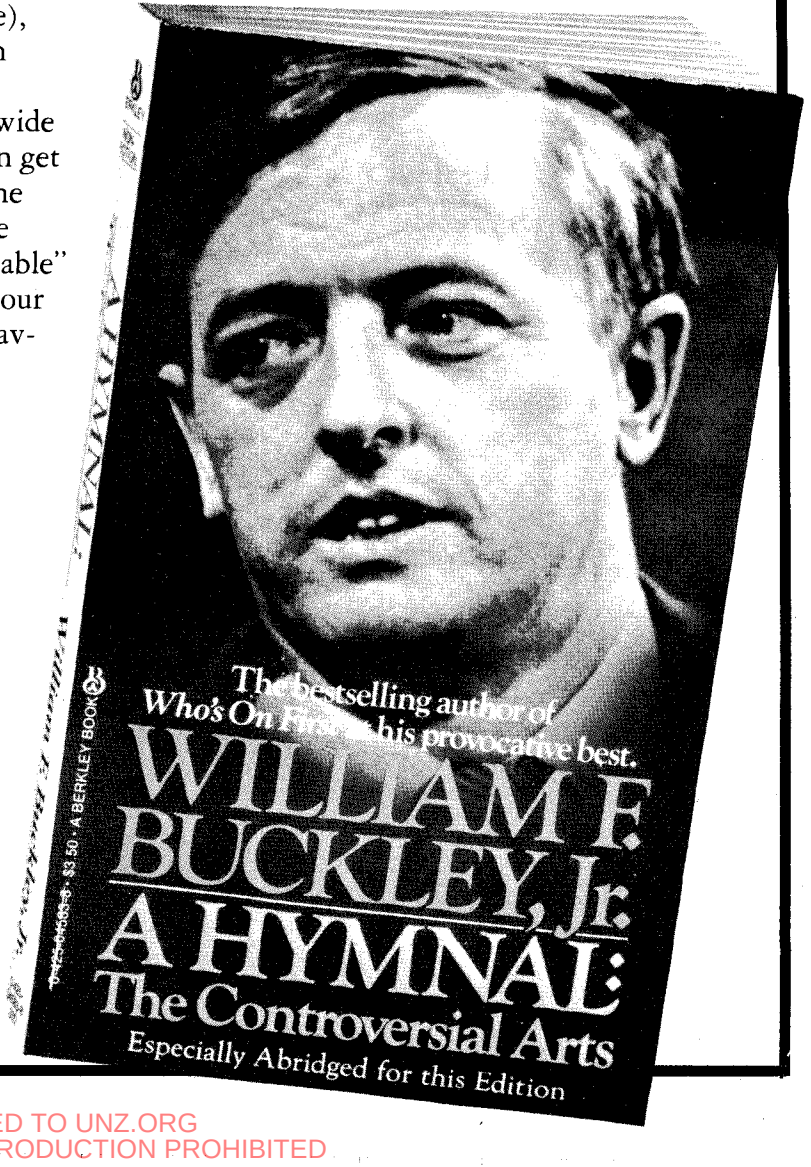
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The Devil Made Him Do It

The monkeys in the famous frieze
Whose hands conceal their faculties
In hopes of guaranteeing none
Will traffic with the Evil One
Explain why Billy Graham's skin
Has been so curiously thin.

W. H. VON DREELE

monitor the situation operating from bases on Ascension Island—equivalent in distance to operating over Ireland from bases in the Dominican Republic.

To quote Robert Walpole at the onset of another war 243 years ago: "They may ring bells now. Before long they will be wringing their hands." In the measure of what the two sides started with, attrition in matériel has been quite heavy. The hand-wringing stage may not be far ahead. Flag-waving Argentine crowds are reported to have vanished already. The regime, while concealing losses, has been making vague utterances about hitching its cause to that of world revolution. In Britain, never wholly enthusiastic in its belligerency, the spirit of "Don't give up the sheep" is modified by thoughts of the costliness of holding on in the Falklands in the sequel to victory.

If and when Britain manages to expel the Argentine forces and can base its own aircraft in the Falklands, circumstances may well become propitious for forgetting about the principle of never rewarding aggression and for negotiating with a chastened Argentina after a decent interval.

It would be a strategic tragedy, and certainly not in Great Britain's long-range interest, if Argentina drew closer to the Soviet political ambit. The political imperative now emerging is to save the Argentinians from their moment of idiocy. In the apt phrase of Gabriel García Márquez, the "hundred years of solitude" is over.

Pope-pourri

A day short of a year after his near-assassination in Rome, Pope John Paul II was attacked by a bayonet-wielding nutcake. The Pope had gone to Fatima, Portugal, to celebrate the 65th anniversary of the appearance there of the Virgin Mary; his assailant, Juan Fernández Krohn, was a priest, ordained at the Ecône Seminary of the traditionalist Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre. Lefebvre's group immediately condemned Krohn's "incredible behavior" and "blind fanaticism," and pointed out that he had broken with them over a year ago, which did not prevent them from getting reams of bad copy. "Pope's Attacker Identified as Priest Who Was in a Rightist Sect," ran the *Washington Post*'s headline. Interesting. Not a "loner" like the Castroite Oswald.

Meanwhile, in Rome and England, there was speculation concerning the Falklands war and whether it would cause the Pope to cancel his projected trip to Great Britain—the first ever for a pontiff. The English Roman Catholic clergy, naturally, hoped the trip could go forward, as did the Anglican hierarchy, which expected it to spur discussion between the two churches. Argentina objected to his visit to a belligerent. Back from Fatima, the Pope celebrated a Mass for peace with cardinals Hume (England), Gray (Scotland), and Primatesta and Aramburu (Argentina).

What was remarkable about the Pope's week was that it was not, for him, remarkable. According to Catholic doctrine, every pope is Christ's vicar on earth; but this Pope is also important in earthly ways. He comes from the most turbulent province of the Soviet empire, and presides over the world's largest and most cohesive denomination at a time of internal crisis. Hopes, fears, expectations, and private manias will continue to swirl around him.

Don't Send My Daughter To Princeton

Princeton University's Women's Center actually caters to only a few dozen of the two thousand female students available. So when a group of pro-life co-eds (hope we've got the terminology right!) applied to use the Center's facilities for a pro-life task force, they were rudely rebuffed by the ruling feminist clique. The Center's director, Lila Karp, asked hostile questions about the supplicants' religion, and her cohorts screeched that for women to be against abortion was like Jews favoring Nazism. (Miss Karp, by the way, is a paid administrator of the university.)

The Women's Center has all the appurtenances of left-wing decor: pacifist rhetoric, pictures of armed women in the Third World "liberation" struggle, books by feminists like Karl Marx and Josef Stalin. Obviously only a certain kind of woman is invited. Hence, the pro-lifers contend the Center is deliberately misleading when it claims to represent and welcome *all* Princeton women.

They are right, but to understand the situation you must see through one of the great myths of the Sixties: the myth of the campus "rebel." Far from rebelling, the radicals of the Sixties were simply taking the received liberalism of the academy to new lengths. And far from being rebuked, they were incorporated into the university. Princeton fell all over itself set up not only the Women's Center but a T World Center and even a "Black Thoughts Tabl one of its dining halls—funded at $20,000 per Other colleges yielded to radical demands in a

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sion policies, curriculum, and assorted campus regulations.

But it was always assumed that campus dissent would come only from the Left. Today Princeton doesn't know quite how to handle a dissent that runs against its own institutionalized dissent. But at least the pro-lifers have made it clear that the "Women's Center" has nothing to do with women as such: it's really only a Ladies' Auxiliary of the Left.

Jean-Paul Sartre, R I P (A Late Return)

Throughout his mature career, the philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre was a militant atheist. Politically, although he quarreled with Marxist materialism, his rhetoric was often indistinguishable from the most heavy-handed Stalinist boiler-plate.

However, during the philosopher's last months there were some surprising developments. In 1980, nearing his death, by then blind, decrepit, but still in full possession of his faculties, Sartre came very close to belief in God, perhaps even more than very close.

The story can be told briefly, and perhaps reverently. An ex-Maoist, Pierre Victor, shared much of Sartre's time toward the end. In the early spring of 1980 the two had a dialogue in the pages of the *ultra-gauchiste Nouvel Observateur*. It is sufficient to quote a single sentence from what Sartre said then to measure the degree of his acceptance of the grace of God and the creatureliness of man: "I do not feel that I am the product of chance, a speck of dust in the universe, but someone who was expected, prepared, prefigured. In short, a being whom only a Creator could put here; and this idea of a creating hand refers to God."

Students of existentialism, the atheistic branch, will note that in this one sentence Sartre disavowed his entire system, his *engagements*, his whole life. Voltaire converted on his deathbed; one never knows, the brilliant old rascal is supposed to have said. Sartre did not convert, at least outwardly, but came to understand. Everything ought to be forgiven him.

The epilogue is much less edifying. His mistress, Simone de Beauvoir, behaved like a bereaved widow during the funeral. Then she published *La cérémonie des adieux*, in which she turned vicious, attacking Sartre. He resisted Victor's seduction, she recounts, then he yielded. "How should one explain this senile act of a turncoat?" she asks stupidly. And she adds: "All my friends, all the Sartrians, and the editorial team of *Les Temps Modernes* supported me in my consternation."

Mme. de Beauvoir's consternation *v.* Sartre's conversion. The balance is infinitely heavier on the side of the blind, yet seeing, old man. —THOMAS MOLNAR

"I don't consider myself poor and I don't consider myself elderly, and I'm not suffering from the Reagan cutbacks."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I need not remind an officeful of theologians that the Avery Dulles *mot* [*NR*, May 14] evokes the *filioque* controversy, concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son *and* the Father, over which arose the Great Schism between the Eastern and Western Churches. The West inserted *filioque* into the Latin Creed as a rebuke to Arianism, and the East still does not like it. There exists, from an epoch now vanished a half-century, a postcard from Sam Beckett to James Joyce, supplying, in response to JJ's request, the wording of the Greek Creed at this point. (For Greek, a pupil of the Jesuits would naturally turn to a scion of Bible Protestantism.)

So one can imagine a Summit at which the Patriarch of the East refers courteously to the winged words which have proceeded from Father (*ex patro*) John Paul. Whereupon:

Q: What did the Pope then say to the Patriarch?

A: "*Filioque*, you s.o.b.!"

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But that cannot be the knee-slapper of AD, SJ, today's Jesuits having discovered that Latin by mouth causes cancer, and commenced alluding to the Second Person of the Trinity only in Spanish (El Salvador).

So we may conjecture instead something as modish as:

Q: When technology has completed its progress from movies through talkies and smellies to feelies, what then may be a use for the sequence O Q U S O B?

A: (As above.)

This has the structure of the riddle a mathematician I knew used to pose:

Q: What is a question the answer to which is "9*w*"?

A: [While the victim struggles to improvise an equation] "Does your name begin with a *v*, Herr Vagner?"

But we are deep in thickets of conjecture. It is surely not beyond *NR*'s journalistic competence to *ask* Fr. Dulles?

Ever affectionately,
Hugh [Kenner]
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Hugh: Will do, and will repent. —Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding the pangrams in Timothy Wheeler's memorandum to you, I believe I know one shorter than "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

In "Good Men and True," a Western story by Eugene Manlove Rhodes (distant relative—paternal grandfather's nephew), a Western writer of sorts in New Mexico during the Santa Fe Railroad wars of the latter nineteenth century, three pangrams occur:

"Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

"He kept vexing me with frantic journeys hidden by quiet zeal."

"A quick movement by the enemy will jeopardize six fine gunboats."

The "frantic journeys" mentioned above is supposedly a Scottish slang term for "senseless babbling."

Yours truly,
Murl J. Manlove
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Another A to Z submission:

Assessing budget caution Democrats ever fault government helm in judgment. Kidding liberals mostly, neglecting obsequious precedings. Questioning Republican sense. Thereby undermining value with Xeroxed youthful zigzag.

J. F. Houck
Leitchfield, Ky.

P.S. You may replace Y with "Yo-Yo" if you wish.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

The news of an Arkansas sheriff arresting officials who complied with a federal court order—and telling the press that a sheriff had the right to hang a federal judge, under state law—inspired this:

"Arkansas believes Constitution dead; every federalist gets hung, including judges; kangaroo lawyers murder national order; personally question ridiculous statutes, twisting Union virtues, which X-rate Yankee Zeus."

Sincerely yours,
Neal Wilkinson
Cherokee Village, Ark.

Thank you everybody, but our A-to-Zs must now cease. —WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: JPM
Re: A small disaster

On Monday, May 17, the Post Office "lost" a whole mailbag containing our business-reply mail. They said it would "turn up," but it hasn't. Thus over three hundred business-reply envelopes, containing Lord knows what—orders, checks, requests (not complaints, of course)—have presumably disappeared for good. Would you please let our readers know? Anyone who sent us mail in a business-reply envelope during the week of May 10 to 15 could be affected. There's nothing for such people to *do*, of course, except wait and see if their canceled check fails to return, then let us know. But I do think they should be told now what happened.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I must give my assent to the viewpoint of Mr. Barr in the "Notes & Asides" column of your February 5 issue. You do indeed publish a dirty magazine.

I am embarrassed to read *NR* in public. It is virtually impossible for me to meet people when I have your magazine in hand. I have been forced to wear work clothes when reading *NR*.

The ink you are using is incredibly messy. Riding the IRT #2 subway from East 219th Street to 96th Street, my hands get appx. three times as dirty with *NR* as with the *New York Times*. Of course, *NR* is five times as illuminating as the *Times*, but I still think this runny ink is too great a price to pay for your wisdom.

Can you please clean up your act? Thank you.

Sincerely,
David Coletti
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Coletti: You know what they say about ephemeral-types, how such-and-such will happen before "the ink dries on your words"? Well: at *NR* we've been saying for years that the ink *never* dries on *our* words. Do you think we're taking this too far? Advise. Cordially, —WFB

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

Reagan Takes Charge

THE STORY dates from the French Revolution. A wild-eyed man comes running up to a citizen on a street corner. "Where is the mob?" he cries. "I am its leader!" There were times during the past six months when Ronald Reagan reminded one of this mobless leader.

From October through March, there were long arid stretches when the President seemed invisible, in hiding almost, and the White House on automatic pilot. His few public appearances seemed hit-or-miss, and did little to generate that sense of psychic tension between the President and the people so essential to leadership. Reagan, it seemed, was way behind the leadership curve.

In April, the catchup process began. The President's radio addresses moved beyond the budget issue which had so drained his leadership. The radio essays were not earthshaking, but they gained headlines in Sunday's and Monday's papers, and fleshed out Reagan's philosophy. In the middle of the month, he flew to Chicago to address the National Catholic Educational Association, where he called for tuition tax credits for parents whose children attend private elementary and secondary schools, a pitch that shored up the social conservatives and kicked up a storm among others.

Off and Running

Then the May blitz: on the third of the month, the *Washington Post* published a front-page account of a black family in a local suburb who had had a cross burned on their lawn in 1977, and were now experiencing a recrudescence of bigotry. Reagan read the story, was "incensed" by it, and on his own decided to helicopter to the location that very day to deplore the harassment, and generally reassure the family members.

On the same day, the President jettisoned the position he had held for 15 months on the Federal Voting Rights Act, i.e., that proof of discriminatory intent be required to show violation, not simply discriminatory results. (Reagan now favors compromise legislation that calls for an effects test based not on election results but on access to the political process.)

Two days later the President agreed to a budget package ostensibly engineered by Pete V. Domenici (R., N.M.), the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, after the collapse of bipartisan budget talks. The President himself signed off on Domenici's numbers (a $95-billion tax increase over three years, $22 billion less in military spending over three years, and $40 billion worth of unspecified savings in Social Security over three years—the last item now abandoned, mercifully) at a noon meeting in the Oval Office.

The following day, May 6, Mr. Reagan announced his support for a constitutional amendment to permit voluntary prayer in public schools, and another brouhaha was unleashed. On May 9, the President delivered a major speech on disarmament at his alma mater, Eureka College, doing for that institution what Winston Churchill had done for Westminster College. Mr. Reagan urged arms reduction and the early start of START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks), which, I am happy to note, Cato had urged upon him [*NR*, April 16].

The following day, May 10, Reagan visited the black Providence St. Mel High School in Chicago, where he conducted an informal Q & A session, unremarkable for its accuracy, but quite remarkable for its winsome candor.

Three days later, May 13, the President held a press conference in prime time at the White House, where he fielded questions on arms treaty talks, the Falklands, the budget and the economy, Social Security, the Middle East, Braniff's bankruptcy, and NATO treaties. As usual, Reagan seemed to be walking on eggs when he addressed foreign-policy issues. The difference this time was that he seemed more surefootedly walking on eggs. Also there was a welcome note of astringency to a couple of his answers which, while skirting testiness, gave an edge to his personality. Thus when a black reporter asked with ill-concealed derision, "Why all the sudden attention focused on black Americans?" Reagan froze him in his tracks with, "It isn't all of a sudden at all. I've been doing things like that all my life. You just haven't paid attention."

What has all this hyperkinesis accomplished? Well, it's brought Ronald Reagan out of hiding. He has found his mob, so to speak, and is leading it.

Not everyone is pleased by Reagan's emergence into the sunlight, notably some ultraconservative hardliners who, for example, rue the abandonment of linkage at Eureka, and worry about the current draft language of the tuition tax credit bill that the Administration is now circulating. But are hardliners ever really satisfied? And why must the perfect be made the enemy of the good?

The June Blitz

Ronald Reagan is now ahead of the leadership curve, and he will stay there certainly through the month of June, which promises to show him as a veritable Halley's Comet streaking across the communications firmament. Has anyone ever seen a one-month presidential calendar of this scope: economic summit at Versailles, conversation in Rome with the Pope, London address to both Houses of Parliament, horseback riding with the Queen, NATO summit at Bonn, major speech in Berlin, United Nations address on arms control, private New York meeting with Leonid Brezhnev.

By July and August the 10 per cent personal tax cut will be in effect, plus Social Security increases, putting some $40 billion into the economy, jacking up savings volume (now at a healthy 6.3 per cent, and trending upwards for the first time in ten years), and in so doing producing more investable funds.

All of which brings us to Labor Day, and the inexorable march to the November elections. Is it any wonder that Reagan's mood is quietly jubilant these days? The tide is at flood, running in his direction, and he, with his Celtic luck, is riding it, destined to win, it seems, his race against time. □

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In Defense of Quality

Considerations of the federal budget, when they get around to defense spending, tend to reignite the debate over quality versus quantity in military hardware.

Within the funding available for defense procurement, is the nation better off buying larger numbers of simpler aircraft, missiles, tanks, and ships? Or are national defense and security better served with fewer units of equipment that's more advanced technologically and provides greater performance and capability? Such equipment is necessarily more costly, for the same reason that a 10-speed bike costs more than a 3-speeder.

The advocates of quantity argue that sheer numbers count for more in combat than the quality of the hardware. The central flaw in this contention is that low-technology weaponry in many cases cannot do the job in our high-technology times.

Take fighter aircraft as an example. To be sure, there are combat arenas where large numbers of less advanced fighters could deliver better results than smaller numbers of more sophisticated and expensive planes. But the reality of aerial combat is that conditions are generally less than ideal. They are unlikely to be suited to the use of simpler planes. Wars aren't always fought from 8 to 5 with crystal skies.

What about nighttime operations? Adverse weather? The need to penetrate enemy defenses? In the face of such demands, the test of combat could not be met by planes that are blind in the dark or murk and are armed with visual-range missiles. What these missions require are high-performance aircraft equipped with electronics to see and sense things their crews cannot, and weapons that can find and destroy targets even when they're shrouded in darkness or clouds.

Similar failings apply to ground-based and seagoing equipment that's simpler in design and ability and hence less costly:

- tanks too lightly armored to stand up to the pounding of enemy fire;
- ships lacking electronic brains, eyes, and ears for long-range surveillance and strike;
- carriers incapable of launching powerful attack aircraft;
- submarines without the range and endurance provided by nuclear propulsion.

Austere weaponry certainly has a place in America's defense arsenal. But it cannot substitute, whatever its quantity, for equipment delivering the greater performance and versatility made possible by electronics and other advanced technologies.

The Soviets' military production is awesome. They spend 15% of their gross national product for military purposes, compared with 6% for the U.S. Last year they built five times as many fighters and fighter-bombers as the U.S., seven times as many armored personnel carriers, five times as many tanks, three times as many ICBMs.

At this time, there is no way the U.S. can match the Soviet Union in *quantity* of weaponry. Where we must excel is in *quality*. We must design and build into our equipment the highest useful quality and capability that technology can provide. (Even so, that shouldn't mean "gold-plating," or overdesigning to deliver unneeded performance at great cost.)

When American lives and security interests are at stake, second best isn't good enough.

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Of Order and Chaos

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

ALTHOUGH the Falklands crisis has in no sense contributed to the search for a world order, it has at least clarified some of the issues. It has, for instance, demonstrated both the impotence and the marginal utility of the United Nations. It has demonstrated that in confrontations that fall short of Armageddon, it may be more useful to have a good supply of French-made Exocet missiles than of Trident IIs.

Another thing the crisis has done is to focus attention, yet again, on the improbability and indeed the ultimate undesirability of world order; and therefore on the necessity of a less ambitious and more practical search for a tolerable limitation of international disorder.

Liberals and other idealists are by definition committed to the search for international order. They enthused over the League of Nations and grew starry-eyed when the coalition of allies that had defeated Hitler and Tojo labored mightily at San Francisco to deliver that brawling infant, the UN.

The League was, of course, powerless to prevent the rise of the fascist dictators, and collapsed in the prolonged disillusionment of its failure to do anything about Japan's seizure of Manchuria, Mussolini's grab of Ethiopia, and Stalin's rape of Finland. As for the UN, its hour of glory came when the USSR was boycotting its sessions even as Stalin's North Korean protégés were crossing the 38th Parallel, so that President Truman could assemble a coalition of friendly armies, styled for the circumstance "UN Korean Forces," to do battle against the Communist invaders.

One Worlders

In general, though, the UN is no more effective than the League was. It could do nothing to stop the occupation of Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, or the Anglo-French Suez expedition; or the four Arab-Israeli wars. As for the suggestion that it might have done something about Communist takeovers in Angola and Mozambique, or Ethiopia or South Yemen, or the massacres in Cambodia, it is too laughable to be formulated.

Did I mention "marginal utility"? Well, yes, the blue helmets of UN peacekeeping forces have had temporarily useful roles to play in the Congo (Zaire), Cyprus, Lebanon, and the Sinai desert. The UN was useful to the British when they wanted the world to be seen to condemn Argentine aggression in the Falklands; and to both Britain and Argentina when both powers had sustained painful naval losses and wanted to get off the hook of hostilities.

As for international order, to the extent that it ever shows signs of life, it is invariably the product of the ascendancy of a power or group of powers. Thus the ascendancy of England and Austria that followed the collapse of Napoleon enabled Metternich and Castlereagh to sponsor a limited European order. Similarly with the victorious powers at Versailles in 1919.

There was no real peace-making, in the style of the Congress of Vienna or the Versailles peace conference, after World War II, because of an entirely new element in the international equation: the emergence of Lenin's expansionist state as one of the victors, with Stalin as its dictator. Whatever their differences, the victorious Western powers in 1919 were broadly conscious of belonging to a common civilization and a shared ethos. In World War II, however, Hitler's insane ambition had forced a marriage of convenience between the West, and a power and ideology committed to its destruction.

The Potsdam conference, at which the untested Harry Truman and Clement Attlee filled the seats left vacant by the war leaders, Roosevelt and Churchill, was punitive in intent—not, in other words, concerned with laying the foundations for a lasting peace in Europe. Actually, the damage had already been done at Yalta, and Stalin was able to build his European empire on the smoking ruins of Hitler's greater Reich.

The "one-worlders" see their proposed world order in terms of an idealized United Nations, under whose benevolence peace and amity would reign, all contradictions removed as by a miracle. In the real world I can, fortunately, think of nothing more remote (since the idea of entrusting our collective destinies to the fortuitous majority of "emergent" African regimes falls short of my concept of Paradise).

No, alas, if world government ever came, it would be the outcome of the established hegemony of a superpower. And since a superpower that wished to extend its hegemony to the entire world could only be a totalist one, the dire prospect theoretically on offer is of a world-without-end of the Gulag tyranny. As this nightmare precisely coincides with Lenin's ideas for the extension of Soviet-style Communism to the entire world, it can by no means be dismissed as a fantasy.

Soviet Meddling

It is at this point that the concept of world order and the search for limited disorder coincide. By far the greatest source of international disorder is Communism, with all its auxiliaries, surrogates, and satellites. In pursuit of the Leninist dream, the Soviets either foment or exploit disorder throughout the world. Having done so, they impose their own order—the order of the Gulag—either directly (as in Afghanistan) or indirectly (as in, say, Vietnam or Ethiopia).

The exploitation of otherwise unrelated disorders now invariably adds a new dimension to conflicts that were complicated enough in the first place. Thus the clash of interests between Israel and the Arabs on the sovereignty of the land formerly known as Palestine has on the surface nothing to do with the export of Leninism (forget not: the Soviet Union was an original sponsor of the State of Israel). By 1974, however, the PLO had become an instrument of Soviet foreign policy.

Again, the issue of sovereignty over the Falklands long antedates the Bolshevik Revolution. Yet it did not take long for the Soviets to decide that their interests would be served by providing the Argentinians with satellite intelligence on the movements of the British expeditionary fleet; or by causing the Cubans to offer all help to the Argentine junta, which not long ago had defeated Cuban-backed terrorism.

But then the world is a more complicated place than idealists and liberals would have it. □

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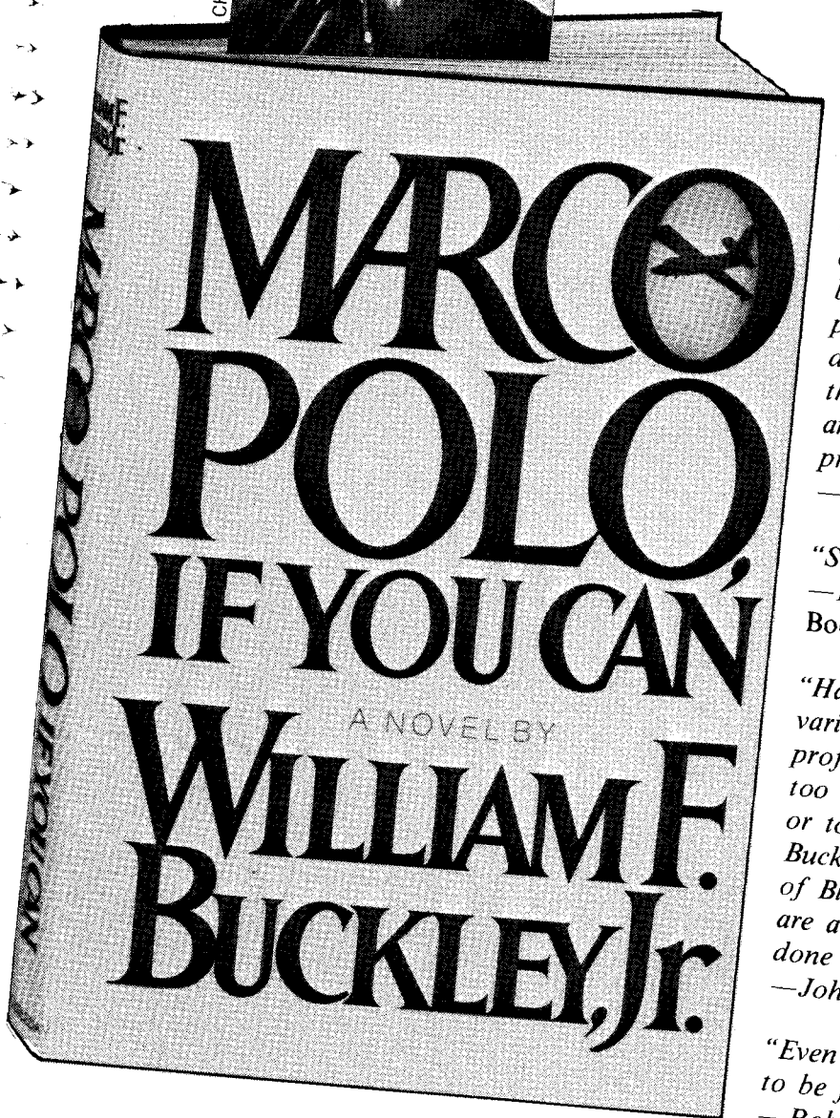

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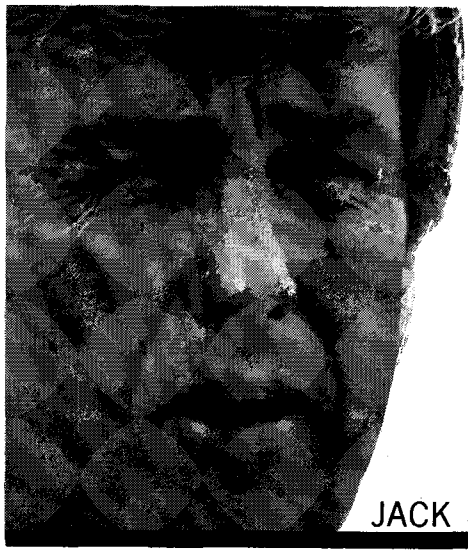

SUPPLY SIDE

Tax policy is the pre-eminent weapon in the fight against inflation, says Congressman Kemp. But it is his view that we won't beat inflation until the supply-side tax policy is combined with a supply-side monetary policy

TALKING BACK TO THE SKEPTICS

JACK KEMP

In the words of an Oriental philosopher, "There is a great deal of wisdom in the world, but it is all divided up among men." Recognizing that each of our perspectives is limited, I would simply like to offer you my own small slice of wisdom about the future of supply-side economics.

As you know, I am not an economist, I'm a congressman. In fact, my introduction to the theory of money and exchange occurred when the San Diego Chargers sold me to the Buffalo Bills for $100. Of course, that was back when the dollar was "as good as gold." I plan to exploit my comparative advantage by speaking to you today as a congressman, not as an economic theorist.

Both before and since the 1980 elections, the biggest problem caused for us politicians by the economists has not involved their many disagreements, but rather a remarkable consensus among all of the various schools. On the Left, Robert Lekachman warns us that "The era of growth is over and the era of limits is upon us. It means the whole politics of the country has changed." He goes on to urge redistribution of income as the answer to our problems. On the Right, Friedrich von Hayek tells us that "We are much too afraid of another depression to really fight inflation." Hayek says, "You cannot stop inflation without causing a depression."

Barry Bosworth of the Brookings Institution says, "We could return to the low levels of inflation in the early Sixties by a decade of major recessions." Kenneth Arrow, the Nobel Prize-winning Keynesian, confesses that "The position of the liberal activist has been greatly injured because we are unable to reconcile full employment and price stability."

Herb Stein, who I guess qualifies as a conservative activist, outlined his plan for ending inflation as follows: "We can begin the process of gradual disinflation now—meaning monetary and fiscal measures to restrain the growth of demand, which would little by little reduce inflation until some livable rate is reached. How long this would take, and how much unemployment would be entailed, are unknown, although the period may be five years."

And even my good monetarist friend Beryl Sprinkel, before he joined the Treasury, said: "We're going to have to have restrained policies for several years with unemployment running in the 8 per cent to 9 per cent range." Such policies, he said, would reduce inflation from 9 or 10 per cent to 6 or 7 per cent.

This convergence has reached a single focus at the Federal Reserve Board. Alan Reynolds recently pointed out to me this excerpt from the minutes of last November's open-market committee meeting: "Committee members in general believed that additional weakness in economic activity could well be accompanied by further declines in interest rates, which would be constructive in supporting economic activity."

I must say this puts the political class in a dilemma. We are told that growth causes inflation and high interest rates, and that deficits also cause inflation and high interest rates. So we are supposed to slow down growth and reduce the deficit. But when growth slows, the deficit increases. And when we raise tax rates to narrow the deficit, growth slows down even more. But at this very moment, liberal Democrats and orthodox Republicans alike are at work in Washington, diligently trying to follow all this advice.

Into this morass of despair stepped Ronald Reagan. Mr. Reagan was elected 16 months ago largely, I believe, because he was the only candidate who firmly challenged the Phillips Curve consensus, which goes back to John Maynard Keynes. Keynes told us that unemployment is caused by insufficient spending, and that inflation is caused by too much spending. So when there is unemployment, spending should be encouraged, and when there is inflation, spending should be discouraged. For some reason, the Keynesian answer to inflation reminds me of the description in *Candide* of the English practice of having an admiral killed from time to time. The reason? "To encourage the others." The demand-managers see unemployment as a way to encourage workers to reduce their wage demands, and bankruptcy as a way to encourage businesses to reduce their credit demands. But after years of diligently applying this formula, we found ourselves with stagflation—simultaneous inflation and economic stagnation. All that the demand-managers could advise us to do was to adjust to a steadily worsening combination of the two problems.

Mr. Kemp is a Republican congressman from New York. This article is adapted from a speech he gave in March to a conference on supply-side economics sponsored by the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta.

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The "supply-side" solution to this dilemma was first put forward seven or eight years ago. The supply-siders pointed out that there is more to economic policy than putting money into, or taking money out of, people's pockets. People are spenders and consumers, but they are also producers, savers, inventors, and entrepreneurs. Instead of using both monetary and fiscal policy to pump up demand, or choke it off, the supply-siders suggested a different strategy. Monetary policy should be used to stabilize the dollar, and fiscal incentives used at the same time to encourage individual and corporate production, saving, and risk taking. The key was to do both at the same time. Four years ago, before the Economic Club of New York, I put it this way:

> The U.S. Government must combat inflation by maintaining the value of its currency and through prudent fiscal practices. But I am also saying I recognize there are powerful forces arrayed against those who would halt inflation, a broad debtor class that includes most of the nation, people who would be badly hurt by deflation unless correct tax policy made it easier for the entire economy to produce wealth and pay off debt. This is why I continue to believe tax policy must remain the cutting edge as we try to combat both stagnation and inflation.
>
> But this does not mean tax policy can do it all. We have to bear in mind that the only way we can ever whip inflation is with correct domestic and international monetary policy, for it is ultimately monetary policy that determines the value of the dollar. We have to bear in mind that only when the government is once again in a position to guarantee that value, by making the dollar convertible again into something of value, can we be assured that inflation will be beaten.

This, in a nutshell, has been the double agenda of the supply-siders: tax-rate reduction and deregulation to restore incentives, coupled with sound-money policy to stabilize the dollar. Spending restraint is important, but supply-siders point out that the whole fiscal game is won or lost on the health of the economy. More than 80 per cent of any change in the deficit is due to the automatic effects of a change in inflation, interest rates, economic growth, or unemployment.

From my perspective, the last 16 months have been a record of triumph and tragedy. Part of the tragedy is that the idea of using fiscal incentives to cushion the immediate effects of disinflation was lost in the shuffle. President Reagan's original plan would have cut income tax rates 20 per cent by January 1, 1982. Instead, the cut is only 5 per cent. Because American families received only a 1.25 per cent tax credit last year, taxes rose (according to Treasury estimates) $15 billion in 1981—more than $150 for the average worker. American families bore the brunt of monetary policy without any of the planned incentives in place. It's hard to believe, but the tax burden on the economy is higher now than it was under Jimmy Carter.

This happened because of the re-emergence of the traditional idea that a tax increase would reduce the budget deficit by "saving revenue." Instead, the economy slid from stagflation into a severe recession beginning in July, and the deficit became larger, not smaller. Of course, a handful of opponents now tell President Reagan that it was the prospect of his future tax cuts that caused the 1981 recession. But the results of last year's ill-timed tax increase were predictable, because many of us did in fact predict them.

The triumph is that though Congress acted belatedly, it did act. For the first time since 1948, there are tax incentives in place during a recession, in time to do some good. We have at least arrested the growth of the tax burden, although we need to go further. As long as Congress does nothing foolish to abort the recovery, these incentives will help to lay a permanent foundation for economic growth.

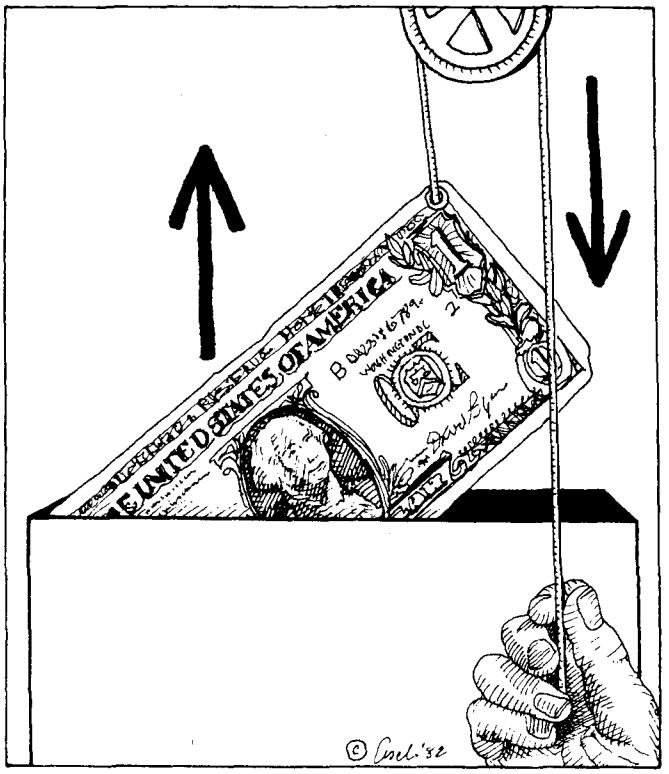
The personal-savings rate jumped 17 per cent in the first three months of tax-rate reduction; and investment in new public stock offerings set a record last year. Corporate investment did not set any records. But this is exactly the same pattern as in the period following the similar Kennedy tax cuts: the lion's share of capital formation began on the individual side, and spilled over to business.

Monetarists

have given us the wrong rule

It is ironic to read in current news stories that the Business Roundtable is calling for taking away the tax-rate cuts for individuals. Of course, there is nothing new in big-business opposition to individual tax cuts. For reasons I cannot quite understand, the large corporations were always opposed to cutting tax rates for their workers, shareholders, and customers. For reasons I can understand, they also opposed the 1978 cut in capital gains tax rates, which was extremely successful in stimulating new ventures. With this record, I would be cautious about proposals to monkey around with President Reagan's tax bill, if I were running a large corporation.

The greatest tragedy, though, is that we do not have a supply-side monetary policy. In my view, the monetarist and the supply-side approaches to money are irreconcilable. Since October 1979, the Federal Reserve has pursued the monetarist policy of targeting the M1 definition of money according to an arbitrary formula. I believe that the incorrectness of this policy is now apparent to almost everyone.



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The problem is twofold. First, this policy runs into precisely the problem Keynes described when he said, "Men cannot be employed when the object of desire (i.e., money) is something which cannot be produced and the demand for which cannot be choked off." Fixing the quantity of money, to the degree that it succeeds, forces the real economy rather than the banking system to adjust to every change in the demand for money. Therefore, monetarism causes unnecessary gyrations of interest rates and real output. This is why, for the first time in our history, we have suffered two back-to-back recessions in two years, and seen the prime rate go to 20 per cent under both a Democratic and a Republican President.

Second, it is obvious that both Keynes and the monetarists have underestimated the degree to which people can and do find ingenious substitutes for whatever definition of money the central bankers are targeting. Witness the explosion of money-market funds, overnight repos, and overnight Eurodollars, none of which are included in M1. Knowing the historical velocity of M1 is no help, because targeting a certain definition makes people behave ahistorically. What this means is that we can avoid the unfortunate side-effects of quantity targets only to the degree that the Federal Reserve loses control of the money supply, and therefore of monetary policy. Perhaps the most intriguing line in the whole report of the President's economic advisors—a monetarist tract from start to finish—is this one: "The monetary system is evolving toward one in which the Federal Reserve will have *very close control* over M1, *suitably redefined from time to time* . . ."

The monetary system is quickly evolving toward a scrapping of monetary targets. Quantity targets have been tried and abandoned in France and the United Kingdom. When it happens here, someone will inevitably complain that monetarism did not fail, but rather was never tried hard enough. But the very measures which monetarists now propose in order to help the Fed hit its targets better—such as a market-related discount rate—are a frank admission that it is price, not quantity, which governs the money markets.

It is true, I think, that many Federal Reserve officials would like to get rid of the monetary targets. To the degree that this is because they recognize the failure of monetarism, I sympathize with them. But if they plan to replace the targets with a return to their complete discretion, or for the purpose of "reflation," our economy will remain in grave danger. The monetarists are absolutely correct in saying that some rule ought to govern monetary policy. The only trouble is that the monetarists have given us the wrong rule.

I'm no expert, but I think most modern economists overlook a simple fact: that the definition of money is not chosen by economists or government officials. It is chosen by the common agreement of millions of individuals. And the quantity of money demanded is also fixed precisely by the sum of these individual demands. The definition and quantity of money are therefore things which can be only estimated approximately, after the fact. The government simply cannot determine money, or the demand for it, except in its limited capacity as a user of money.

According to Keynes, we have recessions because individuals cannot be relied upon to spend their money. So their reluctance must be overcome by having the government spend it for them. The monetarists eschew such blatant interventionism. But do they really dispute Keynes's idea about the need to regulate spending—or only his means for achieving this regulation? Baron Meyer Rothschild is supposed to have said, "Permit me to control the money of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Well, if you believe that only money *really* matters, you can support free-market solutions for everything except money. While the Keynesians advocate regulating spending through the government deficit, the monetarists advocate regulating spending through Federal Reserve open-market operations.

Once again, these are the observations of a congressman, not an economist. But they are observations based on first-hand experience with Americans, whose economic, social, and family lives are being deeply wrenched by the deterioration of our currency. I can tell you that people do not consider paper money in the abstract, the way economists do. They think of it as a yardstick, as a standard of value.

People have as many problems with a government that tries to maintain its monetary standard "on the average" as they would have if a foot was 11 inches one day and 13 inches the next. The government might point out that the ruler was exactly 12 inches, "on the average." But if you tried to build a house, it would be grotesque, because none of its parts would fit. The parts of our economy don't fit because the Federal Reserve is trying to maintain our monetary standard "on the average." Come to think of it, you don't need a winter coat in Buffalo, on the average.

Honest

money is a populist, blue-collar concern

Whether we like it or not, money and credit have a moral dimension. The word *credit*, in Latin, literally means "he believes." People trading with each other permit payments over time because they believe they will not be defrauded by a change in the currency. If they stop believing that, they stop lending, or else charge exorbitant insurance premiums against the risk. This is why interest rates are so high, and why only monetary reform can bring them down.

If this sounds philosophical, let me assure you as a congressman from Buffalo that it translates into hard political reality. Honest money is a populist, blue-collar, middle-class, bread-and-butter concern. If you are wealthy, you can protect yourself against the risk of bad money by buying interest-paying bonds, or by investing in real assets, or by hiring lawyers, accountants, and brokers to figure out complicated schemes involving the tax laws and the futures markets. But the less savings you have, the more certain they are to be tied up in currency or deposits which earn little or no interest, because they must be turned over so often. Therefore, the brunt of every major inflation falls on the working middle class.

In my home state of New York, the Professional Employees Federation recently proposed this contract language in its negotiations with the state government: "Recognizing the possibility of uncontrollable inflation and the serious loss of credibility and purchasing power of the dollar, the employer, upon union's demand, will remunerate employees in mediums of exchange other than the presently used U.S. Federal Reserve dollar. Such alternative mediums of exchange include, but are not limited to, gold, silver, platinum, bullion and coin, and/or one or more foreign currencies." A union spokesman told the *Washington Post*: "We're not suggesting

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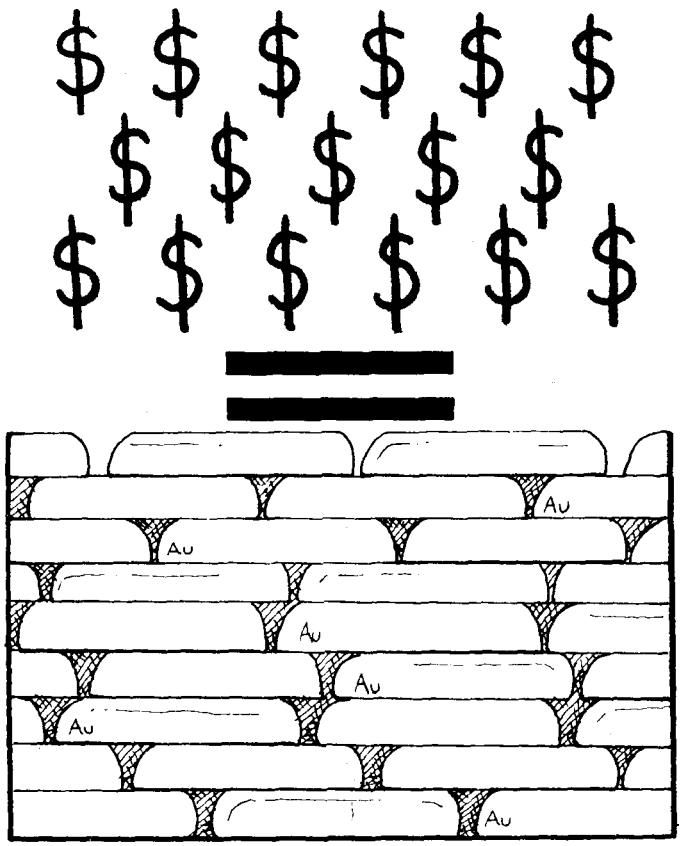
that the governor pan gold in Colorado and pay us in gold dust. We want to be paid in the *value* of gold or silver or another index of value." Would anyone like to explain to them about money illusion among the work-force?

It is a curious fact that, under the law which established the Federal Reserve, Federal Reserve notes are still legally "redeemable on demand in lawful money." I know someone who tried, about ten years ago, to find out exactly what this means. He wrote the following letter to the Secretary of the Treasury:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I am enclosing two $100 Federal Reserve notes inscribed, "Redeemable in lawful money at the United States Treasury, or at any Federal Reserve Bank," one signed by Henry Morgenthau Jr. (1934), one signed by Henry H. Fowler (1950), both Secretaries of the Treasury.
>
> I am asking that the promise be fulfilled. I do not know what you will send me as lawful money but you must know what the U.S. Treasurers called lawful money in 1934 and 1950, when they made those promises.
>
> Thanking you in advance.
>
> Yours very truly,
> C. V. Myers

He received the following reply:

> Dear Mr. Myers:
>
> Your letter addressed to the Secretary has been referred to me for reply.
>
> The two $100 Federal Reserve notes which you forwarded with your letter are lawful money. United States notes and coin of the United States are also lawful money. Your two $100 Federal Reserve notes are returned herewith.
>
> Very truly yours,
> J. P. Purall
> Special Assistant Treasurer



In other words, the Federal Reserve note is a promise to pay itself. It is what John Exter aptly calls an "IOU nothing." We have had IOU-nothing money before: with John Law and the Mississippi River bubble; the *assignats* of the French Revolution; the Continental Dollar; the Civil War greenback. In every case, these IOU nothings have ultimately been rejected by people in the market. They have always caused high prices, high interest rates, a flight to real values, and general stagnation. It is no coincidence that our economy has exhibited exactly these symptoms since 1968, when the United States effectively stopped redeeming dollars with a fixed weight of gold. In every case, there was nothing the government could do to stabilize prices, bring down interest rates, or restore financial thrift and long-term confidence, except to make those IOUs again convertible on demand into a fixed weight of something valuable.

I can appreciate your skepticism, because I used to share it. As Bill Quirk so aptly puts it, the generations raised while gold was illegal (that is, since 1934) were taught firmly in Economics I that there was nothing unique about gold—it was a soft yellow metal admired by many primitive peoples for its glitter. Some primitive monetary systems were also attracted to it. In sum, gold's appeal was a mixture of superstition and romanticism. The United States, however, had moved to a higher evolutionary stage. This was why, of course, we put in jail anyone caught with a five-dollar gold Indian-head coin.

Gold convertibility may not be fashionable. But I am convinced that it is imperative, for the simple reason that if we do not choose to re-monetize gold, people in the market will progressively choose to de-monetize the dollar.

The time is long past when we could blithely ignore the fact that we are only a part of the world economy, and that a large part of the debt we thought we owed to ourselves is in the hands of foreigners. The current monetary system is inherently unstable, whether it is managed by Keynesians or monetarists. We must steer between the Scylla of deflation and bankruptcy, and the Charybdis of inflation and flight from the dollar.

Under the current policy, the immediate danger is a continued fall in prices and a spiraling liquidation of credit. But if we shift to "reflation," foreigners will find their dollar assets suddenly yielding less or even depreciating. If they were to dump even a large fraction of their hundreds of billions of short-term dollar claims, the result could be a hyper-depreciation and flight from the dollar. The pressure around the world for beggar-your-neighbor protectionism, against what would be seen as American "dumping," would become overwhelming.

My suggestions for monetary reform include some which could be put into effect immediately, and some which would require executive and legislative action.

First, the Federal Reserve should abandon its monetary targets as instruments of policy.

Second, open-market operations should be ended, except perhaps for purposes of short-term debt management involving tax-anticipation notes. Federal debt held by the Federal Reserve should not be replaced when it matures.

Third, the Federal Reserve should rely on the rediscount window, limited to short-term commercial paper, as the primary method for creating new Federal Reserve credit and bank reserves. But the discount rate should be considered as a flexible tool, not a fixed target.

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Fourth, the new target of monetary policy should be some proxy for the price level. The all-commodity index or strong-currency exchange rates would be second best, but the best would be the dollar price of gold. If possible we should coordinate this policy with the central banks of our largest trading partners, as the former chairman of the Bank for International Settlements, Jelle Zjilstra, has suggested. Right now, this would mean arresting the fall in the price of gold, but it would also mean placing a ceiling above which the price may not rise.

Fifth, without delay, the Administration should propose legislation to define the U.S. dollar again as the equivalent of a fixed weight of gold, and to provide for the convertibility of Federal Reserve notes and credit into gold on demand.

Finally, the United States should convoke an international conference on the order of Bretton Woods, to reconstitute an international monetary system. The object would be to establish a system in which official international settlements are made in gold, and to negotiate the settlement of outstanding official dollar reserves.

Raising

tax rates does not make sense

The discount-rate mechanism will help because it permits the supply of money to conform to the demand for money in the short term. This would avoid the big and unnecessary swings in interest rates and output caused by the quantity rule. But the point is to target a stable price level, not interest rates. It is as wrong to try to fix a certain interest rate as it is to try to fix a certain quantity of money.

We need gold convertibility because it's not enough to simply have a rule for monetary policy; there must also be a mechanism for putting it into effect. The most stable monetary mechanism we have seen was the classical international gold standard. Its record in this country might have been better, if not for the shortcomings of the banking system before there was a Federal Reserve. And the Bretton Woods system, though flawed, provided exceptional stability.

An obvious question arises: If we are no longer going to monetize federal debt, doesn't this imply the need for fiscal reform? It certainly does. If we stop monetizing federal debt, all federal credit operations must be financed out of our net savings. This tells me that we must do everything possible to increase private savings—such as further tax-rate cuts—and to reduce federal credit activities, both on- and off-budget. Once again, raising tax rates does not make sense.

I recently asked the economist Robert Mundell whether there isn't perhaps some other way to accomplish the same objective. Bob thought a moment and replied: "If you asked me how to get to London, I'd tell you to fly east. I could tell you how to get there by flying west. But that way is so far inferior that to consider it would be a waste of your intellectual resources."

It is true that the system of gold convertibility appears most absurd when it is working best. The gold just sits there in vaults, because people generally prefer holding convertible paper dollars, which earn interest, to holding gold, which does not. By the same token, national defense is working best when our expensive and sophisticated weapons are just sitting there, looking useless, because our adversaries don't dare to threaten us. And the same is true, I guess, when you buy life insurance but don't die. (As Arthur Laffer observes, gold convertibility is a sort of insurance policy for the quality of money.) It is only when we convince ourselves that these reserves are wasteful, and can therefore be dispensed with, that we find out, too late, how wrong we were.

Our monetarist friends tell us that the gold standard amounts to "price-fixing." Defining the dollar as the equivalent of a weight of gold, as was the case for most of the period from 1792 to 1971, they say, is as objectionable as fixing the dollar price of wheat or pork-bellies. But this implies that the paper dollar gives value to gold, not vice versa. Congressman Henry Reuss predicted back in 1968 that if gold convertibility were suspended, the price of gold would fall from $35 to $6 an ounce. Instead, the price is now above $300, and has been as high as $850 an ounce.

Actually, the monetarists should be pleased with the idea. After all, eighty of the 93 years covered by Friedman and Schwartz's great *Monetary History of the United States* involved some form of gold convertibility. If the dollar were once again as good as gold, people would demand more dollars. M1 might grow—who knows?—15 per cent the first year. Maybe 10 per cent the second year. Seven per cent the third year. Five per cent the fourth. Three per cent the fifth. Three per cent the sixth. Three per cent the seventh. And Milton Friedman would cry, "Finally! At last they're doing it right!"

The Republican Party had a plank in its 1980 national platform calling for a stable monetary standard. But it would be a shame if sound money became the preserve of only one party. William Rees-Mogg, the former editor of the London *Times*, observes that gold has no politics:

> A gold system works through the money supply and does not require an elaborate system of controls; it should appeal to the political liberal. Gold is international; it is the world's money supply; it is natural for a man who believes in gold to be internationalist rather than nationalist in outlook. Gold is stable; it not only represents order, it imposes order by a quasi-automatic mechanism; it should appeal to the institutional conservative. Gold is just; it deals equally between one man and another, between past, present, and future; it does not take from the weak and give to the strong; it should appeal to the seeker of social justice, to the social democrat.

Frankly, I am less concerned with the future of the Republican Party than I am with the future of Western civilization. We are not here to discuss the future of supply-side economics. We are here to discuss the future of democratic capitalism. If we fail, we have only to look around us—to Greece, to France, and elsewhere—to see what the alternative would be. As President Reagan says, If not us, who? If not now, when? I think his question is not meant just for one Administration, or for one party, but for the United States as a whole.

We have more than just a responsibility to our own people to save the dollar. The world was put on a gold-dollar standard in 1944, and a paper-dollar standard in 1971. If we fail, we will hurt not only ourselves, but also our European partners, and countries around the world—Mexico and Canada and all the other countries whose currencies and fates are tied to ours. In this, as in so many things, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is right: If America does not lead the Free World, the Free World will not have a leader. It is our special responsibility to begin a renewal of the standards of Western civilization, by restoring a dollar as good as gold. □

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Abroad

Peking *Survival*

China's most menacing problem, now as in the future, remains the uncontrolled growth of its population, and unless there are substantially fewer Chinese before the end of the next hundred years, the country's survival will be at stake. According to the Communist organ, the *People's Daily*, the government hopes to limit the number of Chinese to 1.2 billion by the end of the century, but this is still far too great a figure for comfort. Chinese sociologists estimate that the best population mean would be around 680 million, to be reached over the next hundred years. But for that, a readjustment in the birth rate over the next seventy years is necessary. As of now, the average Chinese eats between two thousand and 2,600 calories of food a day, including considerably less than one hundred grams of protein. Only if agricultural production triples, and the population is stabilized at the 680 million figure, will the Chinese be sufficiently nourished in a hundred years. The widely heralded limit of two children per family has not worked. The Chinese have been used to large families for centuries, partly because their intensive agricultural cultivation needs many hands, and partly because children are security for that serene and respected old age so prized by Chinese society. A government plan to reward families for limiting themselves to one child by increasing their land allotments misfired for the very reason that larger holdings naturally need more children. There have been undenied reports of forced mass abortions of pregnant women from time to time, even of women in their eighth or ninth month. And mass sterilizations have also taken place. But such violence is basically inapplicable as an effective policy, even in a totalitarian state, in view of popular resistance. The effort to limit an ancient culture, accustomed to large families because of social imperatives, to single-child units will go far beyond politics, and will dominate, directly or indirectly, all major planning in the People's Republic henceforward.

Paris *Personal Uses*

General de Gaulle had the cross of Lorraine; Georges Pompidou chose his own initials; Giscard d'Estaing designated the Republican fasces his personal emblem of the office of President of the Republic. François Mitterrand has shown a little more imagination in deciding to adopt as his own badge an oak and an olive branch on a common tree trunk. This dendrological anomaly will symbolize not only the oak's strength and the olive's irenicism, but also the north and south of the country. It will be embroidered on the flag that flies from the presidential automobile and will appear on official invitations from the Elysée Palace.

Venice *Dying Lagoon*

The great Venetian lagoon, stretching as far as the mouth of the Po and one of the last green areas on the Adriatic coast, is gradually dying, and local authorities want to create a national reserve to save at least part of what is left. The lagoon is that inland sea of islands, canals, small beaches, marshes, sand bars, and fishing villages that originally protected Venice from invaders on the mainland and was a continuing source of fish and game. It was here that Hemingway wrote *Across the River and into the Trees*, and it has been a place of refuge for wildlife and a paradise for sportsmen for centuries. But substantial acreage of the lagoon floor has been drained for farming in recent years. The balance of fresh and salt water has been changed by interference with tidal flow, and industrial and motorboat pollution has spread unchecked. The old fishing grounds used by local fishermen are disappearing, and barbed wire has had to be strung across some of the more vulnerable beaches and inlets to prevent mass depredation by Sunday picnickers in outboards. "Just as the lands of the Incas were subjected to the insults of the conquistadores," says Giovanni David, a local official prominent in the movement to save the lagoon, "so we have been subjected to the insults of the land reclaimers ever since the days of the Venetian Republic. We may have more corn and less malaria, but at the cost of the gradual expropriation of these waters which have represented salvation from the barbarians and the sustenance for centuries of the people of this place."

Helsinki *Cruising Future*

The legendary P&O line that used to ferry the British colonels and their ladies to India and the Far East has commissioned the largest cruise ship ever to be built—at forty thousand tons—to be ready for the American vacation trade by the end of 1984. Although British shipyards lost out in the bidding and the contract was given to a Finnish company, the new craft will sail under the British flag. P&O describes it as "a ship for the 1990s." Of the ninety or so ships now running in the cruise market, forty are now more than twenty years old.

London *A Near Thing*

The new Princess of Wales, the former Lady Diana Spencer, has begun to show her pretty face on British postage stamps; she graces new issues in 17 Commonwealth countries already, according to a biographer. The latest stamp to carry her picture is due out in July, and bears the imprint of "The Falkland Islands Dependencies."

Langdon, *Punch* Rotheo

"I thought you ought to know I'm being headhunted."

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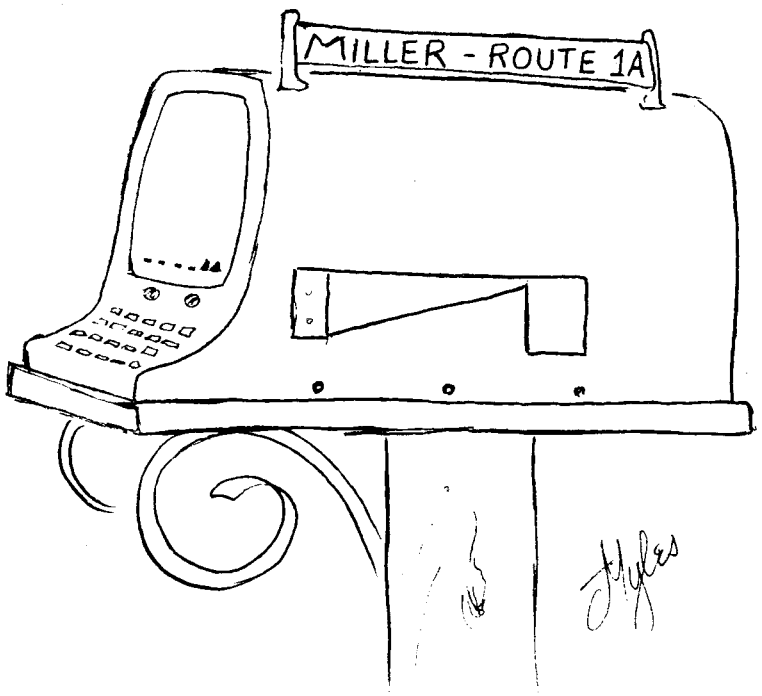
helo !!!!

Confession

Forgive me, Lord: with all the fuss
  About the Falklands and Malvinas,
With Britain's rights an issue, plus,
  As she too argues, Argentina's,
And who'll win what and what who'll lose
  With all that bloody sovereign warring,
It so pollutes the media's news
  That (sorry, Lord) I find it boring.

CORINNA MARSH



Electronic Mail

"HEY, KEMP!... THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME OF OUR GUYS OUT THERE!"

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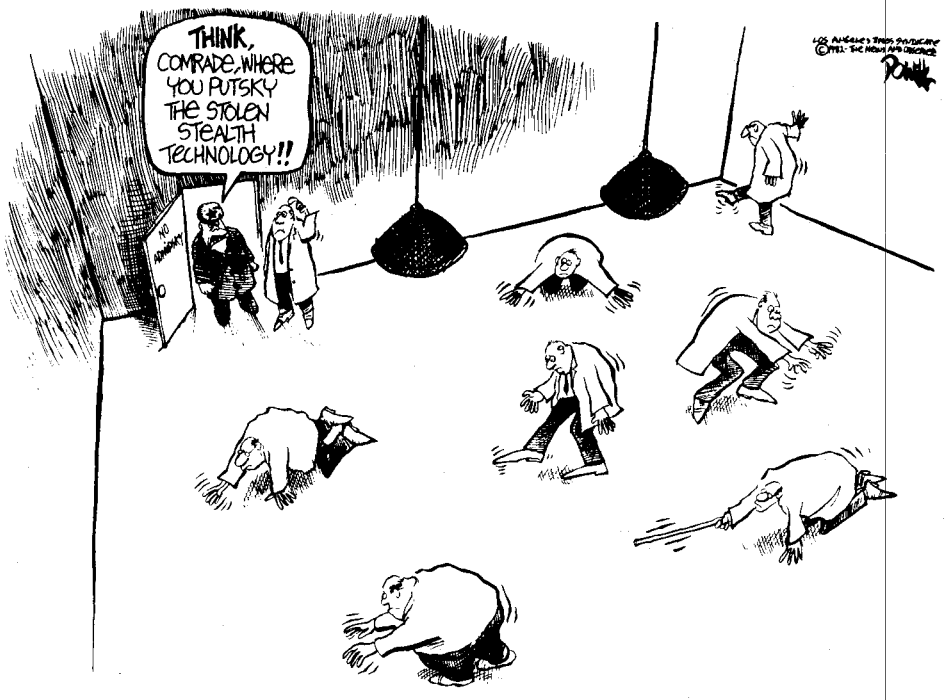

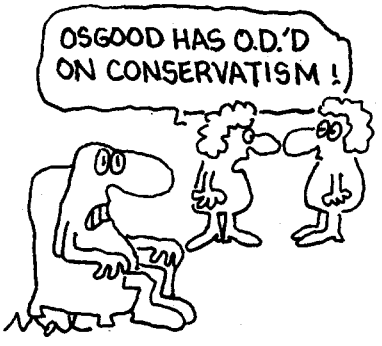

MARLETTE Chicago Tribune.
Oh!... Yukky!
I suppose we have to clean up this mess?...
Odds Bodkins!... Yon carcass is starting to stink!
Help!
Does Sir Macho over there realize that dragons are an endangered species?
Hath he no Compassion?!
INFLATION

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Liberal Catholicism Will Rise Again

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

When, last February, Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen invited seventy lay and clerical leaders of the Seattle archdiocese for a day-long "reflection" on church and politics, the group met on the waterfront in a half-completed geodesic dome, before a statue of Buddha, amid the haze of burning incense. A laywoman with authority in her voice led off the discussion by announcing: "We are not here to think; we are here to get in touch with our feelings."

On the ferryboat home, one distinguished older priest held his head in his hands. Questioned about his visible mournfulness, he replied that the Catholic people had invested about $400,000 in his philosophical and theological education. Now he was being asked not to think.

New ideologies are replacing the historical Catholic faith in the teaching of many Catholic authorities, clerical and lay. Ralph C. Martin describes some of them effectively in a new book, *Crisis in Truth* (Servant Books, Box 8617, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107).

James Schall, SJ, describes the new hybrid as "Ideotheology." Ralph McInerny, director of the Jacques Maritain Center of Notre Dame, writes in the most recent issue of *Center Journal* (P.O. Box A, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556), that many Catholic theologians no longer wish to be considered as bearers of a canonical mission for the Church but as "freelance theologians."

The New Thought

For myself, I describe the new dominant pattern of theological thinking as "neodoxy." Thus, when the Vatican Council and later bishops began to think about nuclear weapons, they stressed the importance of thinking in "an entirely new way." This is an odd criterion. New thinking is not necessarily good thinking. The desire to be new, however, does generate a new orthodoxy: neodoxy.

For 15 years, we have seen a rash of novelties: "open marriage" (a theme later recanted by its authors); the new Catholic sexual morality ("Greater love hath no man than to lay down the wife of his friend"); the rapidly sweeping approval of homosexuality no longer so latent among celibate clergy; a search for the "new Aristotle" in Marx; foreign policy (no longer does the Vatican alone, being a state, have a foreign policy); the "deprivatization" of faith "in the next world" in favor of "community" in this world.

The church we Catholics experience in 1982 is also far more clerical than it was before Vatican II. These days, "the Church" is often a lobbying agent on Capitol Hill. It issues more and more statements on foreign policy in Central America, military budgets, nuclear weapons, specific policies on jobs and welfare. But *who* is this church? It turns out to be the staff of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

Polls are not taken of the political and social views of American Catholics. Neither bishops nor priests nor "Network" nuns are elected on platforms announcing their views on political or social policies. But when "the Church" speaks, it is the staff of the conference of bishops that speaks. Their views are invariably partisan. It does not seem that the bishops as a whole actually vote on most matters. They meet for far less time than the Congress is in session, one week each November.

It used to be thought that laymen and laywomen had a special vocation in the church, a vocation to make Christian conscience present in the world, in temporal political matters. According to this view, the clergy are not to be confined to the pulpit or the sacristy, but they do have a special sacred role, crucial in nourishing the laity. The laity, however, in all their splendid variety, are expected to be the primary dealers with the contingencies and fruitful polemics of the temporal order. This was, for quite a long time, the liberal Catholic view.

"I hate to walk in cold with these—could you write me an opening monologue?"

Liberal Catholicism, RIP

The historian David J. O'Brien of Holy Cross College recently observed at the Wilson Center that this liberal Catholic tradition has died. The *National Catholic Reporter* and *Commonweal*, which used to be independent lay voices of liberal Catholicism, have deserted the liberal cause. Both are now better described as Christian socialist journals.

Conservatives used to say that liberal Catholics were deceiving themselves in celebrating the "updated" church; that liberal Catholics were not so Catholic nor so liberal as they said they were. Something dreadful has happened to liberal Catholicism since Vatican II. The Church went from non-historical orthodoxy to neodoxy with hardly a pause and, once the house was swept clean, seven devils worse than the first blew in and took possession.

Liberal Catholicism will rise again. Perhaps a new generation of conservatives will join cause with it. For conservatives are becoming more socially and politically aware. The transformation of conservatism is slowly filling a vacuum in the center. □

Mr. Novak's new book, The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism, *has just been released by Simon and Schuster.*

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When Mexicans vote for a president July 4, they undoubtedly will elect Miguel de la Madrid, who undoubtedly will continue the policies of López Portillo and his predecessor. What is in doubt is how long Mexico can survive these policies

'Nothing Ever Happens in Mexico . . .'

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

In 1911, when old Porfirio Díaz boarded the *SS Ypiranga* in Veracruz to sail away to exile and death in Paris, he mused sadly: "Nothing ever happens in Mexico—until it happens."

Today many thoughtful Mexicans see disquieting similarities between that era and their own. They also see little chance that the election of a new president on July 4 will bring a voluntary change in the government's drive toward a full-blown centrally planned socialist economy.

When it happened to Porfirio, he had been undisputed ruler of Mexico for thirty years, and only a few months earlier had been elected to what soon turned out to be one too many terms. He and his "*Científicos*" had dragged part of Mexico into the twentieth century. Cities newly linked by railroad and telegraph networks were booming. The nation even then had become the world's second largest producer of petroleum. It led the world in silver mining. Many of its people were rich, and some were very rich indeed.

But while urban Mexico was flourishing, rural Mexico lay stranded in the Middle Ages. Its Indian and mestizo populations were landless serfs—*peones*—living, as their ancestors had for generations, on the great estates of landowners whose word or whim was law.

Social tensions generated by the contrast between classes helped spark the Revolution of 1910 and the departure of Díaz. Strangely for one so long in power, he was not a wealthy man. In what must have struck his successors as an act of breathtaking eccentricity, he left 50,000 gold pesos in the vault when he went into exile. That treasure, it hardly need be said, vanished with the speed of light. Subsequent rulers left only debts.

The flight of Díaz marked the beginning, not the end, of the Revolution. The clashing ambitions of the generals led to internecine war and frequent assassinations. But the *peones* who flocked to the revolutionary standard were fired by a single aim—Land and Liberty—and they fought with a ferocity seldom equaled. The Revolution claimed 1.5 million lives (out of a population of 15 million), and two-thirds of those killed were *peones*.

Long after they had seized the big *haciendas* and killed or driven off their old *patrones*, Mexico was still in chaos. Order was not restored until 1929, when the forerunner of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) was established. The PRI became the government party, and since then the nation has been ruled by a party, rather than an individual, dictatorship. Voting the *peones* (now called *campesinos*) as a bloc, the PRI has never lost an important national, state, or local election—or failed to steal, according to its critics, the few minor elections it did lose.

A president of Mexico cannot legally run for re-election, but during his six-year term in office he exercises powers no less sweeping than those of old Porfirio—plus a new one: he has the right, by custom, to choose his own successor. That choice, automatically ratified by the PRI, is made official by a national election in which several forlorn government-subsidized minor parties are allowed to enter candidates.

The new president chooses not only his cabinet ministers, as in other constitutional governments, but also the governors of all the states, the mayors of important cities, and the heads of nearly nine hundred government-owned industrial, banking, and commercial corporations and trusts called *paraestatales*. Moreover, he has the final say in the selection of senators and deputies in the rubber-stamp national congress. He is *El Todopoderoso*—the all-powerful—and all too many of the hundreds of the party faithful he taps for lush bureaucratic jobs expect to make themselves millionaires in six years or less.

Because *El Presidente* can and often does take away as swiftly as he gives, the system does not encourage fearless counsel by subordinates, and toward the end of a term some presidents begin to have an invincible respect for their own opinions. The great merit of the system, however, is that losers in the distribution of plums in one round can always hope for better luck next time. That has helped bring Mexico fifty years of political stability that other Latin American nations envy.

Now, however, that stability is threatened by public resentment of inflation and of the pervasive corruption in all levels of government, and by the same old agrarian problem that ignited the Revolution seventy years ago. That problem not only is unsolved but is in some respects more acute than ever. Once self-sufficient, Mexico now has to import millions of tons of food a year. Moreover, the *campesinos* were not given the land their grandfathers fought for. Instead the government owns 70 per cent of all arable land and allows *campesinos* to farm parcels called *ejidos*, which are usually too small to support a family. Independent small

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farmers, who own the other 30 per cent of the land, live under constant threat of expropriation.

Campesino families generally are hungry and in rags. Some eight million of the more enterprising individuals among them have slipped into the United States as illegal immigrants (or "undocumented workers," as the Mexican government prefers to call them). Despite their remittances of between $5 and $7 billion a year to those left behind, and despite government distribution of great quantities of subsidized beans, powdered milk, rice, corn meal, and other staples, agrarian leaders (who are mostly lawyers and politicians—rarely *campesinos*) insist that many of their people are worse off than were their ancestors during the *porfiriato*. They—and the untrained millions huddled in squalid cardboard shantytowns on the outskirts of cities—are tinder awaiting a spark. Prowling Soviet proxies hope to supply that spark.

Cryptic little articles telling of the seizure of rifles, bazookas, and rocket launchers appear occasionally deep within Mexican newspapers, but they rarely are followed up. Six cases of weapons consigned to a powerful labor leader were reported seized by a Mexican navy patrol boat off Veracruz, and in February two arms shipments were intercepted in Baja California. A portion of Mexico's 120,000-man army (an army less than half the size of Cuba's, by the way) has conducted field maneuvers in the Chiapas oil-field area. Guatemalan leaders have charged that Mexico provides sanctuary for Communist guerrillas; Mexican authorities deny it. Something sinister, the newspapers hint, is stirring.

For many years the Mexican government has leaned left. Marxist economic and social doctrine is taught in universities and teachers' colleges, and the free primary-school textbooks are loaded with praise of the Soviet Union, Fidel Castro, and Che Guevara, who is treated as a martyred hero. At least three state universities are run by avowed Communists, and two have been accused of contributing university funds to guerrillas fighting to overthrow the government of El Salvador. The government does not audit university accounts.

The PRI tried in earlier years to dilute public concern over its leftist tendencies by making slight changes of course in successive administrations. If one president headed left, the next steered back toward the center, and no great segment of the public was permanently alienated. But with the election of Echeverría to the presidency in 1970, the government veered sharply left in both economic and foreign policy and has held that course ever since.

Echeverría's deficit-spending policy increased Mexico's foreign debt from $3 billion to $28 billion in six years. Inflation caused by floods of paper money set off a flight from the peso, and forced a 43 per cent devaluation. Echeverría's foreign policy, greatly influenced by his ambition to lead the Third World and win the Nobel Peace Prize, favored undeveloped and Communist countries, and antagonized much of the non-Communist West.

Domestically Echeverría spurred government acquisition of industrial and business concerns, all of which he staffed with political followers. Corruption was rampant in his administration. He is believed to be an immensely rich man himself. By the time he turned the government over to his long-time friend José López Portillo, he had become the most unpopular chief executive in recent history.

To the intense disappointment of many who hoped the change in presidents would bring a change in direction, López Portillo soon adopted Echeverría's deficit-spending policies on a far wider scale. He also put into operation a Global Development Plan designed to propel Mexico to new heights of prosperity and world influence by 1990. It called for the federal government to dictate and control all economic activity, private as well as public, throughout the nation.

For a while all went well. Mexico's vast oil fields were developed swiftly, and production rose to more than two million barrels a day. Hundreds of thousands of jobs were created in the oil fields and in the related petrochemical and building industries. The growth rate equaled the 8 per cent achieved in the 1960s. By mid-1981, the government, buoyed by an official prediction of $27 billion in oil revenues for 1982, was in a state of euphoria. Its only worry was finding ways to spend the money.

But a storm was brewing. The federal budget had tripled in three years. Money in circulation had tripled too, sending the cost of living into the stratosphere (unlike the Sixties, when that 8 per cent growth rate had been achieved without inflation). To the distress of most Mexican families, food prices suddenly were found to exceed those in the United States, where incomes are much higher. Many people were reduced to subsisting mainly on staples such as beans and tortillas, subsidized by the government. Malnutrition was widespread; many children were underweight. Public resentment of the effects of inflation was heightened by reports of unpunished fraud committed by some of the most important figures in government.

The unwillingness of the government to live within its enormously expanded income was another grievance. Although oil and gas export sales brought in $14.4 billion in 1981, and tax revenues were the highest on record, the administration ran an $11.5-billion deficit, which it covered by still more foreign loans and by printing still more money.

"Who transfers this dependent to the groom's 1040?"

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In foreign policy, too, López Portillo followed Echeverría's path. He seized every opportunity to demonstrate his admiration and affection for Fidel Castro. He endorsed the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua and supported the dictatorship that emerged there with cash and soft loans long after its Communist alignment was unmistakable. He gave diplomatic recognition to the revolutionaries in El Salvador over the unanimous objection of the other Latin American nations, with the exception of the Communist trio of Cuba, Nicaragua, and Grenada. He insisted that the terrorists be admitted to the Salvadoran government as representatives of the people. The overwhelming rejection of the insurgents' claims by Salvadoran voters brought about no change in Mexico's pro-revolutionary stance.

The word leaked out that Mexico, while rising to fourth place among the world's oil producers, had rocketed to undisputed first place among the world's debtor nations

All this worries and puzzles the Mexican people, who have never given the Communist Party of Mexico—now disguised as the United Socialist Party—more than 2 per cent of the vote in any election. Neither have they given their rulers any reason to believe that they yearn for a state-directed economy like those of Cuba and the Soviet Union. The government, in these as in other matters, offers no explanation of its actions.

Then, even as the Global Development Plan was beginning to overheat the economy, López Portillo picked its principal architect to succeed him as president of Mexico.

Probably not more than one Mexican in ten thousand had heard of Miguel de la Madrid at that time, and the general reaction to the appointment was a startled: "Miguel who?" Within the government he was known, of course, and generally recognized as a hard-working and capable executive. Now a handsome family man of 47, he started as a poor boy of good family who graduated with a degree in law from the National University—the West Point of the bureaucracy. He attended Harvard on a scholarship in business administration before starting his rapid climb in government service. López Portillo, who was one of his university professors, called him the most brilliant man in government.

In tireless campaigning that has carried de la Madrid and his enormous retinue to every city and hundreds of towns all over Mexico, he has confirmed critics in their fears that his election will mean six more years of state growth at the expense of free enterprise, and still closer alliance with the Left in foreign policy.

De la Madrid has spoken hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of words on tour. While they are mainly standard landfill, an occasional revealing remark does emerge. He hopes to make the state-owned corporations more efficient, but there will be no "witch hunt" for the PRI members who have looted them. He flatly rejects demands for change in the "agrarian reform" widely blamed for Mexico's inability to feed itself, and for the desperate plight of the *campesino*. "Not one step backward!" he thunders. And he hints at further nationalization of business: "Business firms in Mexico during the last half of the twentieth century are no longer private property, but social property."

De la Madrid's listeners—many of them lured to the local *zócalo* or bullring by a free meal and the hope of winning the TV set that will be raffled after the speech—are generally impassive as he declares: "My goal is the moral renewal of Mexico, a natural step to take after the historical precedent set by President López Portillo." Early in his term López Portillo did indeed set some kind of precedent when he ordered five or six high functionaries arrested for massive fraud in office. In line with custom, however, they were quickly set free after surrendering a portion of their loot.

As the campaign droned on, the economy was sinking toward the worst crisis in fifty years. Everything seemed to come unstuck at once, with living costs soaring while the nation's main dollar-earning industries—oil, mining, fishing, and especially the tourist trade—went into a slump.

The government made it worse. While demanding that private business fight inflation by holding prices down, the government itself dealt one blow after another to the pocketbooks of the citizens by raising sharply the prices of its own goods and services. Most deeply resented was the increase by PEMEX, the government oil monopoly, in the price of gasoline. Almost the only tangible benefit the average Mexican had received from the oil boom was low-priced gasoline. After repeated promises that it would be kept that way, PEMEX increased the price of NOVA, the regular grade, by 114 per cent overnight. The price of diesel fuel was boosted even more, and while motorists were still seething, the price of auto license plates was raised nearly 1,000 per cent, from 230 to 2,300 pesos.

Allowing citizens' tempers no time to cool off, the government, for the second time in less than six years, and amidst soothing assurances that no such thing was planned, devalued the peso drastically. Savings again were wiped out, and the hopes of millions blighted. The crash had been triggered by the billions of dollars sent out of the country, which had exhausted Mexico's foreign currency reserves. The peso lost another 40 per cent of its value against the dollar, and weeks later was still drifting lower. The rush to buy dollars continued, and the president warned that unless the run subsided soon, Mexico would be bankrupt.

Heads had to roll. Even the most obtuse fender bender in the dustiest Mexico City parking lot knows that any bureaucrat, however exalted, who makes a policy decision, however minor, without the express permission of *El Presidente* may find himself out in the street within minutes, blowing his nose in front of the hock shop. Conversely, one must remember that *El Jefazo* is never wrong; hence, if a policy decision turns sour, it must have been someone else's fault. In keeping with this convention, the finance minister was axed, and the head of the Banco de Mexico allowed to retire. A few days later, however, the latter was sent as ambassador to Moscow, where he replaced another recently fallen dignitary, Jorge Díaz Serrano, former head of PEMEX, now about to be made a senator. Life at court is rarely dull.

Still reeling from the devaluation, the public suffered another shock. The word leaked out that Mexico, while ris-

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ing to fourth place among the world's oil producers, had rocketed to undisputed first place among the world's debtor nations. Instead of growing rich, the country had run up a foreign debt expected to reach $75 billion by the end of this year. Still worse, payments on that debt seemed certain to absorb most of Mexico's oil income for many years to come. Disillusionment in the ability of the government to run its affairs was complete.

That realization touched off a tremendous new flurry of cost increases, catch-up salary hikes, higher taxes, and retrenchment in government expenses. PEMEX announced it was raising gasoline prices all over again. Meanwhile, four

Many Mexicans are convinced that the PRI is on its last legs, all decency gone, its credibility forfeited, and its claims to represent the will of the Mexican people a hollow sham

PEMEX refineries are shut down for repairs and the company is importing gasoline refined from Mexican crude in Cuba, the Virgin Islands, and the United States.

Lack of cash has forced the government to cut back or halt many construction projects, and to reduce import permits by 25 per cent, or $6 billion. The Global Development Plan has been stored in the hold file, along with dozens of other failed plans.

Businesses are failing too: many small plants are reported to have closed. Heavy taxes and the most recent round of wage increases ordained by the government have wiped out profit margins. Large companies with heavy dollar obligations are hard pressed too. The Alfa Group, one of Mexico's largest industrial conglomerates, was forced to suspend payments on the $2.4 billion it owes 120 U.S. banks. A great increase in unemployment, and in "social unrest"—the official euphemism for bloody riots—seems imminent.

Miguel de la Madrid is opposed for the presidency by six minor-party candidates, none of whom is conceded the slightest chance of victory. The most daring and effective of them is Pablo Emilio Madero, a prosperous engineer who, as a nephew of Mexico's first president after the fall of Porfirio Díaz, has excellent credentials to head the ticket of the Partido Acción Nacional (PAN).

Madero has based his campaign on reporting the crimes and misfeasances of high government officials—all of them, naturally, members of the PRI—and offering ideas to stop the looting, and to put the country on new economic and foreign-policy paths. One of his suggestions, surprising only in that it was not adopted in 1821, is that government books be audited. As it is now, he says, the accounts of only 27 out of 905 state-owned corporations are subject to audit. The books of PEMEX in particular, Madero insists, must be scrutinized to determine where all those billions go. He also demands that the Banco de Mexico release the names of big dollar buyers in recent months—a suggestion that elicited from one columnist the exclamation: "They can't do that! They'd catch 95 per cent of the administration!" He was alluding to the many officials who have bought houses and condominiums in the United States within the last year.

Madero also attacks the many special privileges the PRI oligarchy has granted itself, and cites congressmen's freedom from income taxes as one of many. "Touch a scalpel to any part of the body politic and the pus spurts out" is one of his more picturesque comments.

In speech after speech, Madero charges that the clique that rules the PRI has grown more arrogant than old Porfirio's gang through the uninterrupted exercise of arbitrary power over the years, and much more larcenous. They act without consideration for the wishes of the governed, he says, all semblance of democratic practice having been wiped out years ago. They treat the Treasury as their private vault, using sleeve-end unaudited expense accounts to pay for anything, including a safari to Africa for one senator and his friends. Meanwhile, they are either unwilling or unable to curb the criminal activities of the police, who prey without mercy on the people they are paid to protect. "The PRI call themselves 'the Revolutionary Family,'" says Madero. "I call them a mafia."

In trying to counter this barrage, de la Madrid labors under a heavy constraint. He is the new doctor, obliged to diagnose double pneumonia as a mild cold and to forgo prescribing anything that might imply the old doc goofed. And while he has no real grounds for worry about the election results—the machine will see to that—he does worry that "*abstencionismo*" could reflect on the legitimacy of his victory.

Treating inflation is like treating alcoholism, says Luis Pazos: the patient must first admit his addiction and want to be cured. There are no convincing indications that the ruling oligarchy wants to be cured, and many that it does not. Inflation now running at an annual rate of 60 per cent gains speed every week, and another devaluation in a few months seems likely.

Many Mexicans are convinced that the PRI is on its last legs, all decency gone, its credibility forfeited, and its claims to represent the will of the Mexican people a hollow sham. Unless Miguel de la Madrid acts quickly upon taking office to clean out the crooks and give the people a real part in determining the national destiny, they fear Mexico will become a rightist military dictatorship of the kind familiar in Latin America, or fall prey to the Communists. "It is a serious question," a leading weekly said editorially, "whether Mexico can survive 18 straight years of *Echeverrismo*."

The Soviet Union has made the Cuban military machine the largest, best equipped, and most experienced in the Western Hemisphere, excepting only those of the United States and Brazil. It has made the Sandinista army in Nicaragua a giant among Central American forces. It is waging, through the guerrillas it has trained and financed for years, a prolonged and savage war on Guatemala just across an invisible jungle border from the richest of the Mexican oil fields it covets. It has a Fifth Column in place among a people no less disillusioned with their rulers than their grandfathers were seventy years ago.

The election of Miguel de la Madrid next July 4, and his inauguration as president December 1, are as sure as anything in political life can be. But beyond that, as old Porfirio might say, *¿Quién sabe?* □

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THE NEXT GENERATION

democracy's Democracies

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

TOWARD THE END of his elegant memoir on life among the *Partisan Review* crowd in the 1940s, William Barrett observes that if "you follow the zigs and zags of any given intellectual . . . you may turn out to be reading the fever chart of the next generation." Nowhere are the zigs and zags of American intellectuals more accurately charted than in what used to be called "the little magazines"—the quarterlies. In "the little magazines" intellectuals and opinion-makers discuss the topics that years later cultural middlemen translate and term "new."

Some might dismiss this claim, of course, and others dismiss intellectuals' shiftings as the spasms of over-exercised minds. Yet no one who seriously contemplates movements of public improvement (or degeneration) misses the fact that they consist of shifts of public sentiment working in tandem with similar, though rarely identical, changes in intellectual opinion.

The sentimental school of English intellectuals shaped and foreshadowed the concern for manners that became in time an admirable, widespread civility. (The sentimentalists invented something new to promote their views, something they called a "magazine"—a term borrowed from the military.) Disgusted by the shabbiness of Grant Administration job-seekers, Henry Adams returned to Boston, where he spent seven years editing a quarterly journal, *The North American Review*. While other men made the "Gilded Age," men such as Adams concocted the description. By the start of the new century not only had many of their reform proposals become law, but Brahmin culture had been cemented in its prejudice against the erstwhile new class of businessmen and entrepreneurs. (Of course, some of *this* magazine's most distinguished contributors appeared years before its founding in the most influential quarterly of the anti-Stalinist Left, *Partisan Review*.)

One of the interesting things about *democracy*, an intellectual journal of the Left started last year, is that not even disagreements on definition sway these couriers from the completion of their quarterly rounds. Indeed, democracy in *democracy* is nothing so much as a state of mind, a vision, of a future order so egalitarian that not even words will be capitalized. And just because the dream goes on, this imprecision works to the magazine's advantage. Too great a concern for consistency of opinion is the hangman of intellectual journals, especially quarterlies.

The necessity of this beneficial imprecision is nicely illustrated in *democracy*'s April issue, which features a symposium titled "Religion and Democracy." Significantly, the only article which is essentially positive in outlook is about the most horrific of political calamities, a civil war. (In this case, the English civil war, the stimulus for the Hobbesian and Lockean instauration.)

Two Americas

The magazine's editor, Sheldon S. Wolin, a professor at Princeton, leads off the issue with an article called "America's Civil Religion." Wolin defines civil religion too narrowly, as "the incorporation of religious practices into the system of governance and control." (Here is part of the vision: all government—except, of course, *real* "democracy"—is "the system of governance and control.") Perhaps because he begins his article by referring to a 1981 National Public Radio show called "Christmas at Williamsburg" as a demonstration of American civil religion, he misses *the* central fact of colonial America. There were *two* Americas. The one founded in Massachusetts by the Puritans. The other founded in Virginia by pious, mainstream English emigrants who wanted to improve their material condition. By neglecting the colonial Virginia founding, Wolin makes the nation's founding in 1776-87 appear a triumph of unbelievers who nonetheless would make statesmanlike use of religion as a national superglue. It is, as they say, more complex than that, as a look at that great man Washington's Farewell Address—or a thousand other sources—makes plain.

It is not clear what Julius Lester, a professor of Afro-American studies at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, thinks might be taught as America's civil religion. Lester makes several interesting observations in his article "Morality and Education," which posits that *Brown* v. *Board of Education* raised the question of collective identity, of "what does it mean to be an American." Unfortunately, his bitterness about what he chronically refers to as "white supremacist society" leads him to say this query was "raised unintentionally." That makes bad use indeed of Attorney General Brownell and Solicitor General Rankin, who intended to raise precisely that question.

God or the Void

Lester argues that "education is political; its aim is the creation of citizens." Morality, as he has it, "confers group and/or individual identity." Lester ignores the fact that it is literally impossible to *not* teach *about* morality —for to teach nothing is merely to teach that there is no moral basis for citizenship (in which case there is only fear). Perhaps that is all right if you think, as Lester writes, that "The citizen belongs to the state; the person belongs to God or the Void, or both." Brownell and Rankin were taught other, now-unfashionable stuff.

There is a fourth article, an attack on the Institute on Religion and Democracy by Peter Steinfels, an editor of *Commonweal*. There is sufficient flexibility in *democracy*'s "democracy" for the vision of Christian communitarianism; as there has ever been *before* the victory of "progressive" forces.

A single issue of *democracy* costs four dollars. If you have high blood pressure, it will cost you more. Either way, you will be purchasing a glimpse at the alternative future. The Left knows it is the intellectuals who must be counted on to shape its agenda. For it is intellectuals who argue about the ideas that become the policies of "the next generation." □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World, *a new journal of religion and society, and Associate Editor of* The Public Interest.

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Tragedy of Manners

The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy
By Thomas C. Reeves
Stein and Day, 819 pp., $19.95

JOSEPH SOBRAN

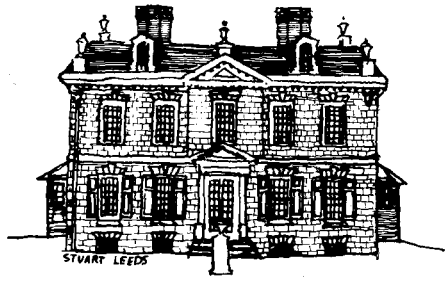
At last we have the book we need about the McCarthy era. Thomas C. Reeves doesn't try to answer ultimate questions; he is interested in efficient, not final causes, and he sticks to the obvious question: What the hell was going on?

Eight hundred pages of close research and dispassionate analysis won't settle all the larger issues, but they do help. Reeves is evenhandedly stern toward McCarthy and his enemies. Nobody wears white hats or horns. McCarthy "was guilty of frequent lying and slander" (you can call him a barroom brawler, if you prefer; he certainly played rough). But he was far from the monster his adversaries, from Millard Tydings to Richard Rovere, made him out to be. There is even evidence that personal (not to say lowdown) motives animated some of them: Senator Margaret Chase Smith's famous "Declaration of Conscience" condemning McCarthyism may have been the act of a woman scorned. She and McCarthy had been "close friends," and he had led her to think she was "his personal choice for Vice President."

Human, as they say, all too human. McCarthy and his enemies had soon put each other in positions from which it was politically impossible to back down, and both sides charged ahead, from Wheeling to the Army hearings. McCarthy called Owen Lattimore "the top Russian spy," a ridiculous overstatement; Lattimore became, ipso facto, a candidate for liberal sympathy, especially when McCarthy said he was willing to stand or fall by this charge. Drew Pearson quickly called Lattimore the purest of patriots, discreetly avoiding any suggestion that he would stand or fall by the encomium. The lines were drawn. In fact, Reeves says, Lattimore was simply a "fellow traveler," and his book *Ordeal by Slander* "was as cynical a piece of writing as almost anything published at the time by ultraconservatives."

And some of them were pretty ultra, like J. Parnell Thomas, John S. Wood ("an anti-labor white supremacist from Georgia," Reeves calls him), and John Rankin (of whom Walter Goodman wrote that "in Rankin's mind, to call a Jew a Communist was a tautology"). Meanwhile the *Washington Post* cartoonist Herblock was coining the term "McCarthyism" and committing the artistic equivalent of it by showing McCarthy as "a sort of fearsome ape-man —thickset, ugly, always in need of a shave, frequently scowling malevolently, often sporting a menacing leer." Abuse of McCarthy's physique and physiognomy was commonplace among the advocates of a return to civility. So were hints that he was an alcoholic and a homosexual.

Reeves offers a different portrait of McCarthy, from childhood on: a friendly, attractive, hardworking, contradictory man—spontaneous but dishonest, generous but vengeful, a genial cynic who became a haunted zealot. The portrait fits the facts and comes to life in a way that the Herblock-Rovere version doesn't. Reeves keeps his exhaustive, thoroughly documented narrative moving dramatically. Seeing the furious momentum of both sides, the reader is not tempted—or invited—to make easy judgments.



Not that Reeves hides his hand. One can disagree with his estimates, but he gives ample grounds for them. *The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy* sets forth as many relevant data as he could gather. It makes an impressive panorama of a turbulent moment, admirably detached from partisan mythologies: a tragedy of manners.

"Perhaps no other figure in American history has been so consistently portrayed as the essence of evil," Reeves concludes. "He is our King John." Books about him bear such titles as *The Politics of Fear*, *The Great Fear*, *The Nightmare Decade*, *Days of Shame*, *Fear, the Accuser*, and *Decade of Fear.* Reeves is contemptuous of McCarthy's ethics without being hysterical about his impact: he observes that a public-opinion poll found less than 1 per cent of all respondents worried about either internal Communism or the peril to civil liberties.

Obviously it is easier to agree about the life than the times. If there is a serious flaw here, it is the researcher's myopia about the larger picture. The Mc-

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Carthy era was also the Stalin era, and liberal ambiguity about Communism was as reckless and irresponsible toward history as McCarthy was toward individuals.

Consider the homespun perplexity of Senator Homer Capehart: "How much more are we going to have to take? Fuchs and Acheson and Hiss and hydrogen bombs threatening outside [!] and New Dealism eating away at the vitals of the nation. In the name of Heaven, is this the best America can do?"

What *was* the legacy of the New Deal? Moderate reform, or all-out collectivism? Considering men like Hiss, Henry Wallace, and William O. Douglas, the answer is not clear even now. The question had been posed abstractly by books like Friedrich von Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*; and if McCarthy was not the man to answer it, still, it was a real question. When Truman and Acheson defended Hiss, it became an unnerving one.

McCarthyism didn't begin—or end—with McCarthy, and it came about in great part because liberalism was in crisis. Would its leftward movement stop at some unspecified center, or keep going indefinitely? Chesterton provided a kind of rationale for McCarthyism:

> Men will walk along the edge of a chasm in clear weather, but they will edge miles away from it in a fog. So a Tory can walk up to the very edge of Socialism, *if he knows what is Socialism*. But if he is told that Socialism is a spirit, a sublime atmosphere, a noble, indefinable tendency, why, then he keeps out of its way; and quite right too. One can meet an assertion with argument; but healthy bigotry is the only way in which one can meet a tendency.

Many liberals knew when to stop: they have now been redefined as "neoconservatives" and accused of moving to the Right merely for having norms. The sort of liberal, then and now, who defends a Hiss or a Lattimore has no case against McCarthy. Such people are so tolerant of Communism that it is puzzling why they should be so indignant about *charges* of Communism. Why object to the imputation of sin if you don't mind sin?

America was, and is, in a fog of normlessness, and there's a chasm not far off. We still need a different kind of book about McCarthy and his times; as we need good books about our own times. Meanwhile, this one helps give us a footing. □

Take Five
By D. Keith Mano
Doubleday, 583 pp., $17.95

LYNXX'S PROGRESS

HUGH KENNER

Mano-watchers will know one thing to expect: language as needle-point spray, 130 psi. For the unprepared, experiencing a chapter of *Take Five* may resemble an afternoon of having the brain Rolfed. They will need what a Jewish kid named Robert in the book needed, a quick guide to the aesthetic of bombardment:

> "Name-calling is metaphor-making, and the history of the metaphor is the history of art. See a face, see an image. Be quick, quick, quick. Poke-check their soft places before they poke-check yours. Do I care if you're a Jew, a black, an anthropophagus with head beneath your shoulders?* I'm defining things. I'm naming you."

Simon Lynxx speaking. He has just subjected Robert to a bombardment of ethnic one-liners, but not, he is being quick to specify, out of hatred:

> "Don't believe those liberal-left bumper-stickers, all men are brethren. Bah. There's no art in it." He hurts Robert's elbow. "Y'wanna last in this DMZ, then learn t'kill. But without anger. Without passion. Passion and anger leave you open."

Names can kill, so Robert needs to learn the art of Naming:

> "I'm doing a favor, Robert. Hey. Huh. Make a metaphor."
> "Leave me alone."
> "Look!" Simon kicks Robert. He holds up his steakbone. It has a Y shape. Thongs of meat hang from it. "Make a metaphor."
> "A meta—"
> "Quick, quick, quick."
> "The. The letter Y."
> "Flunk. Zero. A slingshot. A puppeteer's fingerboard. A zipper coming down. Two roads converging in a yellow wood. An ostrich footprint. A dowsing rod. The buttocks cleft of a woman just over her coccyx. Mind. Mind. The mind. The mind!"

Man is the Naming Animal. On Mars a piece of rock called the Dutch Shoe is waiting for the twenty-first century explorer who will pick it up like an old friend. Nearby is another one called the Midas Muffler. The cosmonaut will know which is which. The day a photo prompted them to name those hunks of red rubble, the boys at the JPL in Pasadena were swinging with Simon Lynxx. Robert would have said, "Rock, rock."

If mathematics is what Bertrand Russell said it was, the art of giving the same name to different things, then speech can be its diametric opposite, the art of giving as many names as possible to anything. Rabelais was a master of that, and Shakespeare no slouch. As for Mano, his name for what he writes is "transistorized prose," the page packed like a circuit-board with minute energy-valves. More loving craft has gone into any paragraph than Harold Robbins accords whole chapters.**

Simon is a rogue male by genetic fiat. "My mother had THIS SIDE UP, USE NO HOOKS stenciled all over her. I don't know how they conceived me, by parcel post maybe. And deep down inside, under that Tang dynasty makeup, she had a heart of solid Pyrex." As for his father, "Being Aldo's son was like following the elephant act with a spoon; you get upstaged somewhat." It was from Aldo he inherited his way with language, along with a name that ends with a double-cross. Not that he is a double-crosser at heart, but life in the Manhattan DMZ keeps you untrusting. "I don't have many friends, but my enemies are very careful."

ONE meaning of *Take Five* is a movie "take," the fifth attempt at a shot. Simon's hustle is movie-making; quartered with his merry crew in a 34-foot tiger-yellow van he lacks the cash to buy gas and tires for, he is conning actors and backers for *Jesus 2001*, of which "Nazareth Motor Lodge, Sorry Full" gives you a gist. The Ascension (harnessed rocket pack) will consume ten grand at least.

Everything in a movie is *now*; movies have no past tense; even flashbacks are *now*. The neoned Mano prose has no past tense either; and, come to think of it, another kind of action that is always present is the providence of God, which emanates from beyond time.

We first come to think of it when Simon sketches an *auteur* theory of the universe. "The director," he says, "is in and of the film. Maker and performer. That's all predestination means—somebody wrote a six-page treatment before-

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* See *Othello*, I.iii.144.

** But if it's something for the hammock you want, choose Robbins.

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hand. Miracles, revelation, all it takes is money and good staff work."

Routine Simonian hype? But we come to it so early in the book we are not yet equipped to disengage Simon Lynxx from thoughts of anything at all routine. Surrounded by people whom their mannerisms define, he is the classic *picaro*, abundant in improvisation like the Divine mind, his hustle as devoid of malicious intent as his name-calling, and his blasphemies innocent too. There were some very dubious characters in the Gospels who found themselves called as saints by Cosmic Central Casting, not knowing what it was they were being called to. Not the least of these was an impulsive fisherman, also called Simon, whose destiny was to be crucified upside-down.

The book is upside-down too, the pages numbered in reverse, the sections, the chapters. Hence the first section is "V." It begins with Simon, Darwinian man, donning an ape-suit, and ends with a zany fiasco that costs him his ability to taste food.

For another meaning of *Take Five* is: take away, one by one, the five senses. By the end of IV he can't smell, by the end of III can't discriminate by touch. Sure enough, by the end of II he is deaf. You've guessed his state at the end of I, but have not perhaps guessed that I has a successor, 0, division by which yields the last page number, "Infinity."

Simon's picture is never shot, and Simon by Page Infinity seems shot to blazes, a paraplegic with a monkey named Friday ("thoughtful, good Friday") sitting on his chest. Simon has come a long *Via Crucis* from his monkey-suit; "Take five!" could have been a centurion's challenge, preparatory to inflicting four nail-holes and a spear-wound.

But I'll take a cue from the book and spell out no meanings. Entertaining as a manic zoo, it is blessedly reticent about its own Big Picture. Like Friday, it seems content to jump with manic invention, to which the verbal inventiveness that strikes you at once is no more than an ostentatious pointer. Reading through the brilliant surface requires that you busy another part of your mind with deciphering what is happening, yet another with keeping track. Once you start learning that knack, the scripting of incidents leaves Mel Brooks looking like a hack's apprentice. No man has ever found a crazier way to write a book about the Christian faith, and I can imagine Mano remarking that God spent all of seven days on a script no less (to say the least) bewildering.

A deconstruction, Lynxx's Progress? A decreation? A hard-rock *Via Crucis*? Certainly, the Picaresque Novel put to uses neither Fielding nor Saul Bellow ever imagined, and yielding, as you get attuned to its idiom, an unfolding of delights unmatched since Flannery O'Connor was designing her Gothic parables. But Flannery O'Connor's tough humor was pre-transistor. A 1982 novelist has the Pac-Man order of excitement to compete with. Like Pac-Man, Mano demands your last iota of concentration, and the one thing *Take Five* does not mean is that coffee-break skimming will get you anywhere at all. □

Nobody's Angel
By Thomas McGuane
Random House, 227 pp., $14.50; paperback, $6.95

A NEW GIG

JEFFREY BRODRICK

At 36, Patrick Fitzpatrick has a problem: for all his passion, he is committed to nothing. Not surprisingly, for Patrick is the hero of Thomas McGuane's new novel, *Nobody's Angel*. Like all of McGuane's heroes, Fitzpatrick is a hybrid existentialist and not altogether real: a former tank commander back on his family's ranch, who listens to the moody bop piano of Bud Powell records, cooks exquisitely, and loves to fight. A *tank* commander? Oh well—credibility was never McGuane's suit,

and *Nobody's Angel* fairly soars in its stunning preposterousness.

In *Panama* our hero was nailing himself to doors; in *The Bushwhacked Piano* he built bat towers; this year's model steps out of a tank in Germany and ends up in Montana, presiding over what is ultimately his family's ruin—the suspicion being that it has been McGuane in every instance.

Basically, Patrick's gig is disruption. He plays his big trump at his sister's funeral, yelling at the preacher to shut up and causing the congregation to scatter. He canes the editor of the local newspaper. He goes after dogs in locked cars outside the supermarket. He engages in an affair whose penultimate moment is the death of the woman's madman husband, who commits suicide in a helicopter on the front lawn—carbon-monoxide poisoning—while Patrick and his wife make love inside, in the living room (Patrick, we are to believe, thinking the husband is alive, thinking he may be shot any second). They find the husband dead in the copter, dwell on how it's too bad, it's going to mess up their relationship; then they go back inside for one last go-round.

McGuane has always been the emperor of contrivance. He invented The High-heeled Metaphor That Does Dance Steps, by which he converted petty acts into sensuous and baroque grandeur. He states the commonplace so archly as to make every detail a sacrament. Thus he describes a cocktail party as a lawn war, "day drunks gathered on a hard green lawn under the inhuman sky." This trick, however, first performed publicly and perhaps most brilliantly in 1969 in *The Sporting Club*, has proved tiresome for its master. Throughout, his penchant for theater has prevailed; he has always built lavish sets. Characters spun from his adroit sovereign fingers like puppets, but it was all too clear they couldn't walk on their own and could barely speak—what was frightening was that they were life-size.

For the first time McGuane has created a character who seems to have a life beyond his clutches. Indeed he has created three of them: Patrick's grandfather, who tells incredible stories of what it was like to be a cowboy; David Catches, the cool enigmatic Indian; and Tio, the jilted husband, whose dissociative white-soul/oilman rap shows the strain of his impending crackup in every half-sentence and approaches the

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beauty of Bud Powell. It's tough to see him go.

If McGuane was previously content to lead his rebels through their existential paces—beneath some tough apocalyptic sky—he now endeavors to tug at our heartstrings. The master lampoonist gets tender, gets vulnerable, gets sentimental—a little awkwardness at first is natural.

For years McGuane has proffered virtuosity as an antidote to doom: a good mix, a cocktail of sorts, the kind you have to train for to drink, exploding in your stomach as you watch yourself break apart beneath, say, a fuchsia sky. He's off *that* high horse, after five rides, and down where the ground is hard, into the snake pit.

McGuane is a monstrous talent. Now he's starting to get real. □

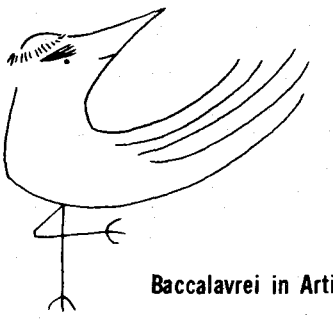
The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.
By George Steiner
Simon & Schuster, 170 pp., $13.50

MAKING HITLER POSSIBLE

D. KEITH MANO

Adolf Hitler was a great man. His name alone can still heighten awareness and incite the torpid gland. (Note, for instance, how you reacted after reading my first sentence.) Hitler isn't somebody one manages a dispassionate pose toward. He has become the secular Baal. Hold up a cross on 42nd Street, then try his swastika: you'll know, in the emergency room, which symbol has greater connotative force. Yet it wasn't his Reich or WW II or even labor camps that gave Hitler such reptile distinction—Stalin and Genghis and Bonaparte, after all, could compete there. It was his murderous and explicit, you might say candid, relationship with the Jews. Maxim: do not persecute a literary people. Or do: depending on your appetite for self-promotion. As Hinckley or Chapman is known, so Hitler: a victim can elevate his attacker. Even in protracted mourning it speaks rather well for European Jewry: they have, by their death, made Hitler the most resonant legend of this modern time.

Because he is just that: a legend, not a historical person. I was three when he



Carrie Fisher

Baccalavrei in Artibvs

died: for me Hitler and Babar and Eeyore come from the same child's bestiary. What George Steiner has done here, by artistic sharp practice, is to let Hitler be *possible* again. The mere arithmetic, remembered, can fuse your poles. Think: if Hitler, that fable of uncreation, were alive today he'd be no more than 93. An allowable age. A human age. And we will never finally notarize and seal that ambiguous, gas-fired cremation in 1945. *Portage* has sudden eminent domain over our mythology: it disconcerts. Rather like discovering Moby Dick beached alive at Montauk or Huck Finn in a sunset rest home near Azusa.

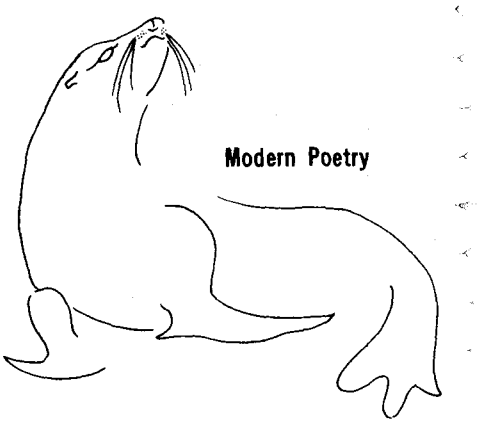
Scene: fetid Farthest Brazil, not exactly Berchtesgaden. Five Jewish Nazi-trackers have put a hot tail on Der Shicklgruber at last. They must now lug him to Israel, despite foreign interference, through swamp so thick it could produce life spontaneously—swamp that will serve as a simile for their emotional morass. Steiner—in the jungle, anyhow—can write elegant tracer bullet descriptive prose: impact and light. He has a subtle, terse way with dialogue (the *same* way, no matter who is speaking, but subtle, terse nonetheless). His five are all splendidly obsessed. Their big catch after so long is daunting: it becomes a loathsome perverse incarnation—the supreme evil turned to tedious, senile flesh. Hitler disorients them. Also they have "boredom with vengeance so acute that it rose in them." Steiner has said, "If Hitler entered a room today, would we stand up? . . . I know damn well we would get up. I am trying to grapple with what it is that would make us get up." Greatness, George, negative greatness: your answer is hidden within the several meanings of "awful."

Steiner has located Hitler's absurd demagogic force in language. Yet the author is verbal Führer here. By authoritative prose and his engaging first premise, he can distract you from a certain truth: *videlicet*, that *Portage* is not at all the successful enterprise it should be. Grand opportunities are blown: lameness has cramped intention. Long, irrelevant scenes—imaginative as a plastic tie—occur in Russia, France, Germany, England, America and enervate more than half of this already short book. Steiner has let the jungle tension piddle away. In fact, *Portage* is like a change-of-pace pitch: fat, irresistible, over-simple. To hit it downtown, though, the reader must supply his own emotional and creative power.

Portage concludes with a nine-page speech by Hitler. In it he will insist that the Reich was based on Old Testament study: on Jewish racism and genocidal practice. Steiner has the jungle jury—one Amazonian Indian who can understand meaning if not language—declare Hitler innocent. You're supposed to assume that fascist logic can still sway. Clever try, but it doesn't. Steiner is, I think, Jewish. He better be. In fact I recommend a second bris.

At one point Steiner will compare Herr Heil to the Ark. Both are borne through wilderness: both must be kept inviolate. For Jews who, more and more now, have made the Holocaust their secular sacrament, a still-present Hitler is indispensable. Victim and tormentor have rich, sensual intimateness. Not to mention special joint metabolism—"anyone who has gone through the Hitler years carries inside him a heightened, anarchic life force." This sort of insight is romantic and titillating: moral dilettantes should enjoy it. Fortunately the bunker death has remained somewhat mysterious: convenient if not apt. It can keep his enormity alive and immanent. How would you, today, prescribe the final solution for old A.H.? A life of community service work in Tel Aviv? Execution by firing squad or noose? By crucifixion? Let the punishment fit the crime.

Let it. Let it just try. □



Modern Poetry

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Schism
By Bill Granger
Crown, 310 pp., $12.95

GOD AND CAESAR

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Bill Granger's first novel, *The November Man*, caused an international stir. It centered on an IRA plot to assassinate a member of the British Royal Family by blowing up his yacht. And three weeks after the book's appearance, that is precisely what happened to Lord Mountbatten.

Granger's second novel, *Public Murders*, won an Edgar from the Mystery Writers of America—the equivalent, for a mystery/suspense writer, of winning an Oscar, the World Series, or the Miss America contest. Now comes *Schism*, as much an existential novel and a novel of faith as it is a suspense novel; and with it, Granger has established himself as a serious American writer of the first rank.

The protagonist of *Schism* is once again Devereaux, an intelligence operative for Special Section "R," whose code name is November Man. The novel's real hero, however, is Father Leo Tunney, a Catholic missionary and former CIA agent (the model is in part Dr. Thomas Dooley) who has spent 21 years in the Cambodian jungle.

In the opening scene, Father Tunney walks into the American Embassy in Bangkok. He is old, ragged, frail, feeble, physically ill, soulsick. At the reception desk, he asks to see the ambassador. Exhausted, he leans forward. The first American official he has seen in two decades looks up and says, "Would you please take your hands off the desk, you're smudging it."

This scene, sketched quickly in Granger's terse, ironic prose, sets the tone for Father Tunney's subsequent encounters. He is finally recognized and whisked off for debriefing to his order's headquarters in Clearwater, Florida, where he asks to celebrate Mass—the Tridentine Mass. Because of his years in the jungle, he is totally unaware of the reforms of Vatican II and the changes in liturgy. The chapel begins to fill with fallen-away Catholics hungry for the old Latin words. There is a fake miracle which proves to be a real miracle by kindling faith in a con woman. And this, in turn, leads to a powerful scene in which, at his death, Father Tunney recovers the faith he believes he had forfeited in the jungle.

Before his death, Father Tunney also sets down in a journal what he saw in the jungle. It is this journal, which he gives to a newswoman, that sets off a chase involving a host of individuals and organizations, among them the CIA, the KGB, a World Bank-like organization, and the Vatican intelligence service. They all want the diary, which contains the only record of Father Tunney's secret. And it is up to Devereaux to keep it out of their hands.

It would do the author and his readers a disservice to discuss the nature of Father Tunney's secret here. Suffice it to say that when it is finally revealed, we realize that the chase was well worth it. And along the way we become enmeshed in an intriguing variety of subplots, perhaps the most interesting involving the Vatican and the Kremlin. Under the secretly negotiated "Prague Concordance," the Church has agreed to recognize the political supremacy of the Communist Party. The Communists, in turn, will allow the Church total religious freedom in those countries they control.

Unlikely? Perhaps. But some would say that recent discussions between the Vatican and the Kremlin over the fate of Poland suggest that certain deals of this sort can be cut. As *Schism*'s chief Vatican spymaster puts it, the primary role of the Church is to ensure the survival of faith. And to that end, "We render unto Caesar, as we always have done."

THE SURVIVAL of individuals, organizations, and nations is the central theme of *Schism*. Devereaux, the existential man, survives; but he finds in his survival neither peace nor the possibility of love. Father Tunney, on the other hand, once his journal is completed no longer cares to survive, and as he dies he is the only character we care about who achieves both peace and freedom. Life, he finally realizes, is just a temporal game played out in Caesar's province, and only through death do we escape Caesar's machinations and render ultimately to God.

Schism is a finely crafted and loaded novel, informed and unified by a deeply held view of man. Granger's style is percussive, Hemingwayesque, his technique scenic, almost cinematic. The characters are fully drawn, primarily through dialogue and internal monologue, and there is a satisfactory if somewhat conventional affair between Devereaux and Rita Macklin, the newswoman. Again, the comparison is with Hemingway.

Like Hemingway, Granger learned the technical aspects of his craft through newspaper work. The result is lean and uniquely American, bringing a badly needed breath of Yankee fresh air into a genre top-heavily dominated by British Empire stylists. □

LOOKING BACK

MENCKEN IN THE MIRROR

TERRY TEACHOUT

In 1936, H. L. Mencken's famously ebullient spirits had at last hit low tide. The hated Roosevelt was riding high in the national saddle; *The American Mercury* was, so far as its co-founder and ex-editor was concerned, a permanently closed book; Sara, Mencken's beloved wife, was dead of tubercular meningitis; and his readers, who once had greeted Mencken's ferocious thrusts at the dignity of the Republic with shouts of delight, now wrote him off as a reactionary period piece. All in all, things could hardly have been worse—and no one would have guessed that, in the midst of such justifiable gloom, Mencken was about to pull from a badly battered hat the greatest literary achievement of his long, showy career. After a lifetime of writing about books, ideas, language, politics, and public figures, Mencken suddenly decided to try writing about something new: himself.

The result was a series of autobiographical essays which appeared in *The New Yorker* at regular intervals between 1936 and 1942 and which were collected, together with additional pieces in the same vein, in three volumes, titled *Happy Days*, *Newspaper Days*, and *Heathen Days*. Although the *Days* books (as they came to be called) sold well and were enthusiastically reviewed, they had been out of print for several years when Knopf brought out a one-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JUNE TITLES: The journals of the late Andrei Amalrik are being published as *Notes of a Revolutionary* (Knopf, $16.50), translated by Guy Daniels. Amalrik died in an auto wreck in Spain in 1980. As his notebooks show, he and his fellow dissenters at least achieved the distinction of living like free men under the most crushing tyranny in the history of the world.

Kevin P. Phillips's new book is *Post-Conservative America: People, Politics, and Ideology in a Time of Crisis* (Random House, $14.50). He argues that the Sixties and Seventies, as a period of "national breakdown," produced a "radical conservatism" at the American political center, which will, together with outside forces, create massive instability in the United States in the Eighties. Like all of Phillips's work, the book is marred by the desire to be three jumps ahead of everybody else, and by a certain quality of overthink.

Puella: A Girlhood Male-Imagined (Doubleday, $10.95), by James Dickey, is an account in verse of the coming-to-adulthood of a young girl.

Thomas L. Connelly's *Will Campbell and the Soul of the South* (Continuum, $10.95) looks to be an interesting study, based on the writings of and interviews with Campbell, a gentle and colorful preacher and activist, quintessential Southerner (of a type), and author of *Brother to a Dragonfly*.

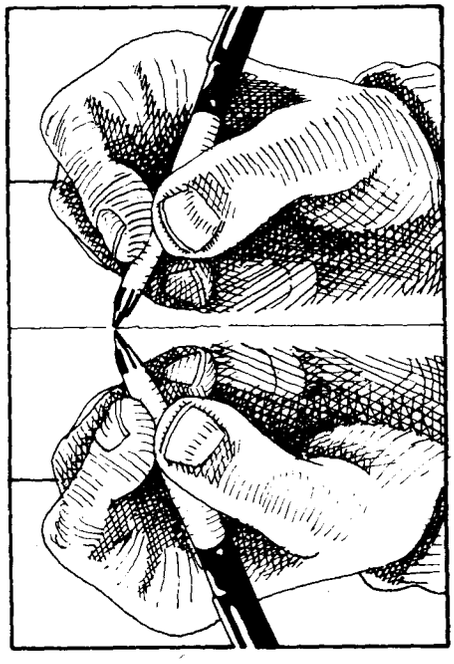
Frederic Remington: A Biography (Doubleday, $24.95), by Peggy and Harold Samuels, looks to be an interesting book about the illustrator, painter, sculptor, and writer from New York State who fashioned a national image of the American West that persisted long beyond the official closing of the Western frontier in 1890.

Pieces and Pontifications (Little, Brown, $20), by Norman Mailer, is a collection of short journalistic articles written in the 1970s. Somewhere in his seventh decade, the maestro has yet to learn to write.

—CW

volume selection, edited by Edward L. Galligan, almost in time for the 1980 Mencken centenary. (There is also a paperback edition available.) This volume, given the title *A Choice of Days* (337 pp., $12.95), is inadequate in one crucial way: it contains only twenty of the sixty published essays which make up the *Days* books. It would have been perfectly feasible to reset the three books and publish them in an unabridged omnibus volume instead of using the original plates and printing a skimpy selection, as Knopf did for the present edition; but one must nevertheless be grateful for *A Choice of Days*, since it does make available a good-sized chunk of a classic, long-underrated American memoir, one which is very likely the finest sustained piece of writing Mencken ever did.

Of course, the *Days* books are not "sustained" when compared to Mencken's carefully written up treatises on such abstract subjects as democracy, religion, and morality, the books which Mencken fully expected to serve as the basis of his posthumous reputation; but those tomes are completely forgotten now, and the Mencken present-day readers know is the dazzling hit-and-run artist whose polemics long graced the pages of *The Smart Set*, *The American Mercury*, and the *Baltimore Sun*. The reason is obvious: despite his wide reading and formidable intelligence, H. L. Mencken was never a particularly systematic thinker. His triumph was a triumph of style, and it is no exaggeration to say that Mencken was America's first great modern prose stylist—he sounded much the same in 1908 as in 1948. When Mencken sounds off, whether on Franz Schubert or William Jennings Bryan, the effect is that of a cheerful, self-possessed, and unusually eloquent man talking out loud just to hear the resonant sound of his own voice. A Mencken essay is like an old Caruso recording: the style is dated, the subject matter may be either profound or shatteringly banal, but one *listens*. The play of ideas may still be persuasive, but the tone is the thing.



It stands to reason that such a writer would be at his best in autobiography—in a sense, Mencken never wrote anything else—and Mencken in the mirror was a masterly raconteur full of stories about a childhood as blissful as Chesterton's, a state which neither man ever quite grew out of. (Mencken spent the greater part of his life in the house where he slept as a baby.) The aging journalist who wrote the *Days* books still viewed the world with the sanguine amusement of one who knew that, back at 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, there would always be a light in the window; and that light was the source of the self-assurance which makes Mencken's prose a delight to those moderns who lack his old-fashioned confidence. "In our day of sterilized, hermetically sealed, artificially lighted and ventilated, symmetrical, designed-for-efficiency offices, mentalities, and lives, where conformity has been bought at the price of deformity, where everyone is afraid even if he has nothing to fear but his *Angst*," John Simon has written, "a Mencken is impossible." There is no finer reason to *read him today*.

The temptation to quote at length is irresistible; it is also the best possible recommendation for *A Choice of Days*, and it deserves to be indulged at least once. Herewith, the stately paragraph with which Mencken raises the curtain on the first chapter of *Happy Days*:

> At the instant I first became aware of the cosmos we all infest I was sitting in my mother's lap and blinking at a great burst of lights, some of them red and others green, but most of them only the bright yellow of flaring gas. The time: the evening of Thursday, September 13, 1883, which was the day after my third birthday. The place: a ledge outside the second-story front windows of my father's cigar factory at 368 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., fenced off from space and disaster by a sign bearing the majestic legend: AUG. MENCKEN & BRO. The occasion: the third and last annual Summer Nights' Carnival of the Order of Orioles, a society that adjourned *sine die*, with a thumping deficit, the very next morning, and has since been forgotten by the whole human race.

If ever a more engaging invitation to read on was written, we haven't heard about it. □

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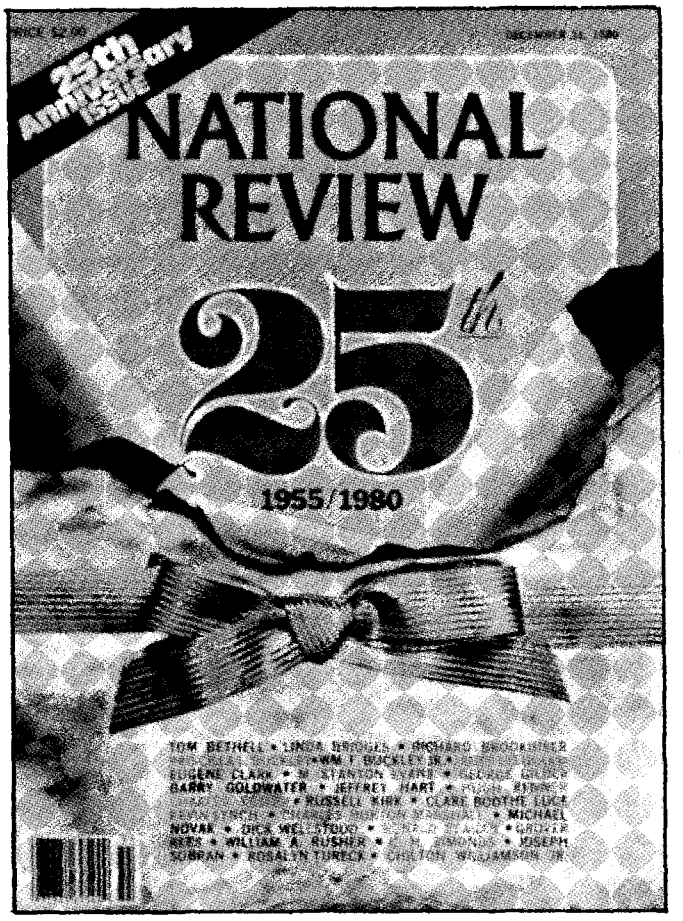

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FILM

NEITHER/NOR

JOHN SIMON

With *Victor/Victoria* Blake Edwards reconfirms his place as one of Hollywood's sleaziest directors, rivaled only by a select few such as Otto Preminger, Paul Schrader, Brian De Palma, and Richard Brooks. Edwards's particular forte is his often extolled "professionalism," but, as William S. Pechter reminds us, "the Hollywood film industry is one place . . . where professionalism and conformity all too easily merge." Two Edwards films, *Experiment in Terror* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, have their respectable champions; the numerous other productions of the master of *Operation Petticoat*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Darling Lili*, and the various *Pink Panther* movies (than which I would rather see pink elephants) appeal chiefly to crazed cultists and simple-minded pseudo-sophisticates.

Victor/Victoria is based on a 1933 Reinhold Schünzel film (and its clones), and looks for all intents and purposes like one of Billy Wilder's feebler efforts, which is to say very feeble indeed. This is the story of Victoria, a down-and-out English singer in the Paris of 1934, who falls in with Toddy, an aging homosexual entertainer of indeterminate nationality, who, likewise on the rocks, turns her into an alleged Polish count and purportedly the world's finest female impersonator. As Victor now, she proves wildly successful in one of Paris's leading nightclubs, and the two friends are rolling in money if not in bed. Along comes King Marchan (James Garner), a big Chicago nightclub owner with gangland connections, who may sign up the new sensation; instead, to his horror, he finds himself falling in love with what appears to be a man. So he hides out in Victor's bathroom, discovers the truth, then comically pretends to be succumbing to a homosexual passion. I'll spare you the various peripeties, among them the coming out of the closet of King's brawny but comical bodyguard (Alex Karras), but rest assured that all ends well for hetero- and homosexuals alike.

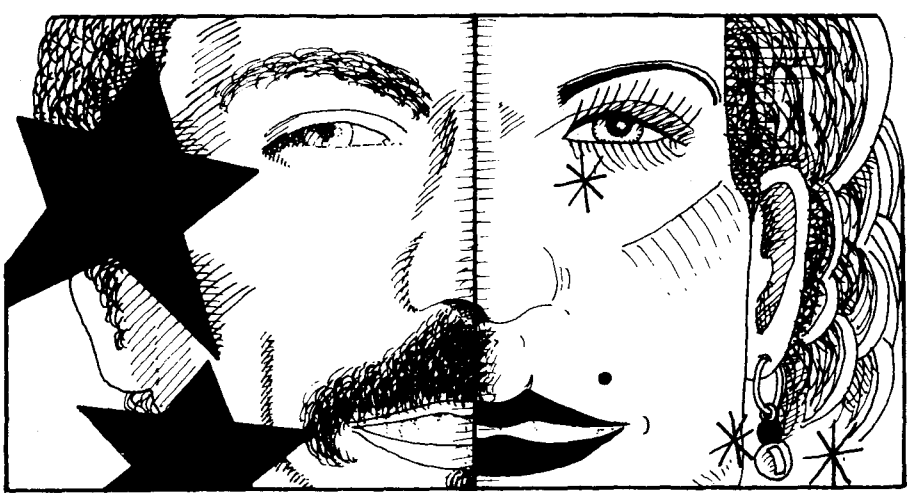
Edwards's screenplay, aside from the usual complement of sexual and other gags, has the principal aim of cashing in on the new trend of let's-be-sweet-to-homosexuals pictures, in which the idea is to make inversion as nearly indistinguishable as possible from so-called normality. (*Personal Best* and *Making Love* are two other recent and dishonest specimens.) Here the method is to talk grandly about the equality of all sexualities and of shame being "an unhappy emotion invented by pietists in order to exploit the human race," while the seemingly homosexual relationship is, of course, a safely heterosexual one; and also to show us the main homosexual, Toddy, played by that fine, strapping fellow, Robert Preston, who, as we all know, is synonymous with red-blooded manliness and, when performing a musical drag act by way of the film's climax, wouldn't fool an anchorite about his true sexuality.

Yet Edwards's real feelings protrude from under the sanctimonious sugar-coating in the portrayal of a lesser homosexual figure such as Toddy's cast-off lover as an effete, nasty, mercenary, cowardly little bitch whom a woman, Victoria, can pulverize with a single blow; or, again, in such jests as Toddy's line on waking up sick, "There's nothing more inconvenient than an old queen with a head cold," while the moviegoers roar with presumably unexploited, nonpietistic glee.

The writing in *Victor/Victoria* is, on top of its steady obviousness, wholly anachronistic and insensitive to the alleged locale, what with all these liberated and happily adjusted homosexuals in 1934 calling themselves "gay," and everyone in Paris quoting Shakespeare or vocalizing to "Home on the Range" or even, in a workers' dive, to "Sweet Adeline." This is made more ludicrous by bits of French dialogue in the background and authentic posters near the edges of a frame. And whenever we get one of Leslie Bricusse and Henry Mancini's plodding song numbers, accompanied by routine dancing, we are once again solidly ensconced in the never and nowhere of Hollywood through the ages.

More deplorable yet is Edwards's directing. Although his technique flows along smoothly, and he generally knows when an extreme close-up is called for or when to end a sequence with a blackout, we realize soon enough that we've seen it all before. Every shot is dictated by conventional wisdom, no camera angle or movement takes us by surprise, no piece of business (e.g., Victor's repeated smoothing down of his short-cropped hair each time he removes his feminine wig to display his masculinity) is anything but a cliché. And Edwards has no sense of where to stop: scenes go on past their comic point, a running gag must be practicing for the marathon, undifferentiated brawls recur over and over again, window panes obtrude at regular intervals so a scene can be shot in pantomime, a private eye hiding in a closet not only gets his finger caught in its door but also, when he shows up later with a grotesquely bandaged index finger, is sure to have someone slam it with a mallet.

Mrs. Edwards, Julie Andrews, contributes woman- and manfully to this family enterprise. In her husband's *10*, she semi-revealed her bosom; in his next, *S.O.B.*, she unveiled it completely (though skeptics noticed certain underpinnings); now, even more daringly, she discloses her utter lack of sexuality. As Victoria, she comes across rather masculine; as Victor, as being in some sexless no-man's- and no-woman's-land. Her performance is mechanically pre-



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cise, her singing soullessly correct, and her entire presence no more alive than a peg on which the picture can hang itself. James Garner is considerably (and surprisingly) better; Robert Preston (unsurprisingly) better yet—though not, as some have claimed, extraordinary. Homophobia, Mr. Edwards informs us through his wife's mouth, has been created by "pious ministers and terrified heterosexuals." *Victor/Victoria* has been created by a non-risk-taking heterosexual and a pious fraud.

Garde à Vue, translated as *Under Suspicion* though it means preventive detention, is a curiously, maddeningly mixed bag. Based on a British crime novel but transposed into a French port city, it takes place on a heavily rainy New Year's Eve on which a wealthy, middle-aged lawyer, Maître Martinaud, until now a witness, is rapidly becoming the prime suspect in two related cases of child rape and murder. While the police commissioner and his guests make merry in another wing of the headquarters building, and as rain beats down on the windows, Martinaud is being questioned by clever, tough, cynical Inspector Gallien, whose obtuse and sadistic colleague, Belmont, ineptly takes down the proceedings on a typewriter, often stopping to interject his own brutish sarcasms. Although Martinaud is being worn down by Gallien's cunning strategy—and, in Gallien's temporary absence, by Belmont's punches and kicks—he is a man of intelligence, courage, and spiritual strength, although clearly undermined by a sense of guilt. But guilt (and I am hardly giving away anything herewith) of a rather different sort from the one for which he is being tormented.

The plot is contrived and unconvincing, and though there is much alluding to various perversions—some guessable, some not—mostly by Martinaud's hate-filled wife, the characters are not honestly examined or authentically individualized. But there is extremely snappy dialogue by Michel Audiard, bravura editing by Albert Jurgenson, solid cinematography by Bruno Nuytten, and clever but untricky direction by Claude Miller. Even if most of the action (but not, procrusteanly, all) is confined to one depersonalized office, Miller manages to keep the story moving in unstagy, unostentatious fashion. And although Romy Schneider gives a routine performance as the wife, the three main actors are superb. As Gallien, Lino Ventura conveys a world of conflicting emotions from behind a near-marmoreal countenance; Guy Marchand makes Belmont's beastliness comic and self-righteous, and thus infinitely more horrible; and Michel Serrault is a miraculous Martinaud. A Gordian knot of the good and bad, strong and weak, tragic and ridiculous, he wittily, touchingly, overwhelmingly builds a characterization that reeks of tangled, tortured, yet ultimately transcendent humanity. □

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ANGLING

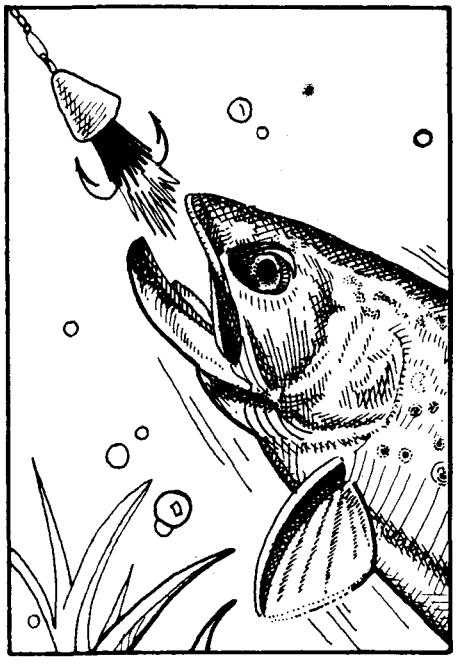
RITE OF SPRING

S. R. SLAYMAKER II

An early-morning mist wafts from the shellac-tinted surface of a pastoral trout stream. Its banks are thronged by fisherfolk of all ages sporting tractor caps, parkas, hunting jackets, and hip boots. Some warm themselves by wood fires. At dawn they staked claims to potential hot spots, placid pools similar to those in fish hatcheries from which the trout have recently been transported. At 9 A.M., to the tune of whirring spinning reels and the sibilant plops of lead sinkers, one of America's most publicized rites of spring commences: "Opening Day" of another trout season. In a scant half-hour many claim-stakers have killed their limits. With trout stuffed in creels and Saran Wrap they depart the muddy, boot-scarred stream banks for home to brag about "limiting out" before the season was an hour old.

In all but the most unsettled and remote areas these carnival-like happenings occur the country over in early April. They are symptomatic of a waxing environmental problem that faces America's fishery officialdom, whose predecessors unwittingly created it over a half-century ago.

Trout have always been considered aristocrats among game fish. For five hundred years, angling literature has centered on these singularly beautiful and hard-fighting fish. By the end of the nineteenth century in North America, over-fishing and habitat destruction—particularly in the East—had markedly depleted the native trout populations. Since trout reproduce well under artificial conditions, a rapid growth of hatcheries resulted. Conservation agencies in trout states publicized their stocking programs. In some instances trout were put in water too warm and silt-ridden to support them throughout the summer months. But the fishing public had to be appeased, and Opening Day soon became institutionalized.



Today, fishery officials in some states are faced with a Catch-22 situation. Their operations are almost entirely dependent on revenues from fishing licenses. A large proportion of their budgets is earmarked for trout propagation and stocking. What with inflation and the unionization of hatchery workers, costs are ever-escalating. If license fees are raised even slightly, sales will decline. And should stocking be curtailed, a fall-off in license sales will necessitate cutbacks in vital non-trout programs.

It has been well said that the value of a fishing experience lies in anticipation, participation, and recollection. Plainly, "put and take" (stock and catch) fishing affords very little potential for realizing these ends. Conservation-minded anglers are increasingly espousing "Catch and Release" fly-fishing for trout. Unlike edible bait, artificial flies cannot be masticated or eaten by fish. Invariably, the fish are hooked in the outer mouth and can be returned unharmed to the water, whereas bait often results in deep hooking and the consequent killing of fish.

This "fish for fun" (rather than "for meat") concept greatly reduces the need for expensive propagating and stocking programs because the trout are, as Lee Wulff, the famed angler-conservationist, says, "used more than once." Thanks to pressure from dedicated fly-fishers (and angling writers) U.S. fishery officialdom is progressively restricting stretches of *proper* trout streams and rivers to Catch-and-Release fly-fishing. Since many such stretches are open year round, crowding is less of a problem.

Ironically, the most strenuous opposition to no-kill regulations comes from sportsmen's clubs, which wield considerable political clout in some states. While these groups do much valuable conservation work, most are top-heavy with bait fishermen who feel that fly-only regulations are discriminatory. This is demonstrably untrue. The vast majority of U.S. trout waters are not so regulated. Fly anglers are the ones being discriminated against. Many fish all season and some year round, regulations permitting. Most bait-fishers for trout are finished shortly after Opening Day. It seems fitting that water should be regulated for the benefit of its prime users. Not to mention that wily, stream-conditioned fish provide an infinitely greater challenge than Dumb Dora refugees from concrete hatchery raceways. And the challenge is what sport fishing is (or should be) all about.

The bait *versus* flies dispute has sociological roots. Many are the bait-fishers who believe fly-rodders to be elitists who practice a form of fishing requiring especial expertise. Given the fact that some fly-anglers revel in being considered a breed apart from worm-dunkers, this is understandable. But surveys show that the fly-fishing fraternity cuts across all American socio-economic groups. And the technique is not hard to master. Increasing numbers of children are opting for the long rod.

About twenty years ago this scribe coined the term "Natural Angling" and defined it as "seeking fish in their natural habitat with lures allowing them to perform to the optimum and permitting them to be released with a minimum of harm." Today the Federation of Fly Fishers (P.O. Box 1088, West Yellowstone, Montana 59753)—with members in the U.S, UK, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—espouses the credo and diligently labors to popularize fly-fishing as an important tool in trout conservation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ABORTION: THE SILENT HOLOCAUST, *by John Powell, SJ (Argus Communications, 183 pp., $3.50).* Father John Powell's new book, *Abortion: The Silent Holocaust*, escapes the all too common factionalism of the abortion debate, despite its incendiary title. True, Fr. Powell does draw sharp and illuminating parallels between the purges at Dachau and the terminations in the abortion clinics. Yes, he does think abortion is baby-killing. And he comes out unequivocally for the Human Life Amend-

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WE KEEP our eye on the Heritage Lectures, Number Seven of which has recently appeared: *Three Myths* (The Heritage Foundation, 513 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $2), boasting contributions by Arnold Beichman, Antonio Martino, and Kenneth Minogue.

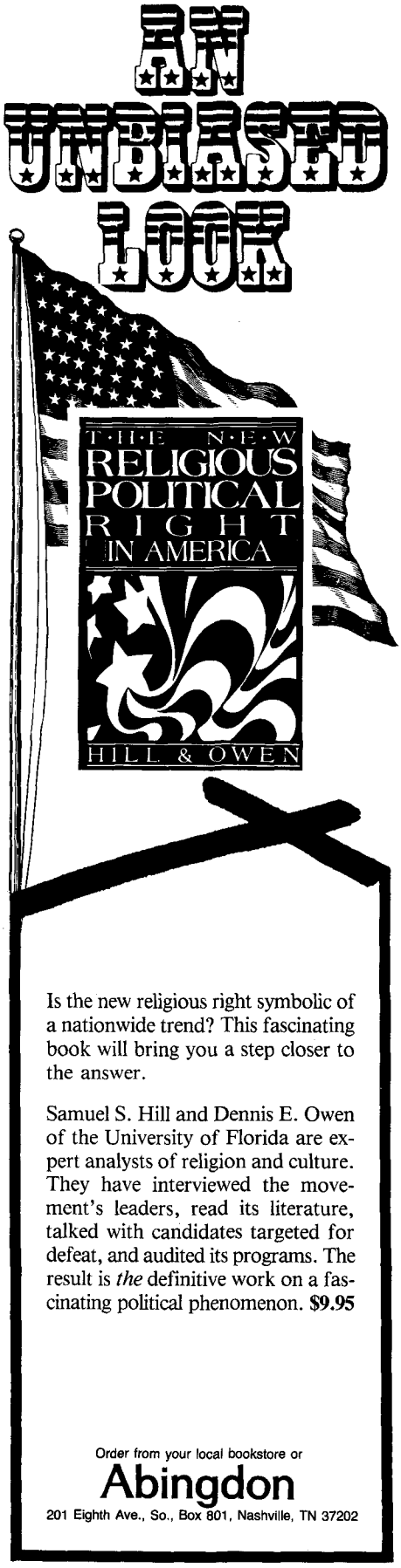
Myths we shall always have with us: it seems the religious ones are the only ones that are worth a damn. Secular myths simply loft an exalted form of knowing into spheres too superficial and arcane to support so robust and profound an intuition. In fact, what pass for social and political myths are chiefly only lies. Arnold Beichman is an intrepid tracker of such, as readers of his cogent book *Nine Lies about America* know. So it is good to see him battling once more on chosen ground: knocking down his adversaries and scalping them. None of them has much sentient tissue below the scalp line, so that's about all it takes.

In his present essay, "The Myth of American Fascism," Beichman assails the notion of "social fascism" ("one of the most evil doctrines ever spawned by the human mind"—it happens to have been Stalin's), which makes it rhetorically acceptable for enemies of human freedom to condemn the systems which propagate it by drawing comparisons to supposed equivalences in totalitarian —that is to say Communist—societies. Much of what he says he has said before—or it has been adumbrated by Tom Wolfe in his foreword to Beichman's aforementioned book—but it is good to hear it again; and Beichman, a genuinely learned man, has many fresh examples to proffer.

The piece is essentially a review and rebuttal of a totally absurd book (*Friendly Fascism*) by a totally absurd professor (Bertram Gross of Hunter College), in which the author claims that a dulcet and dangerous strain of totalitarianism is currently tumescent in America, courtesy of the Reagan Administration and certain long-engendered native tendencies. In the course of his attack, Beichman effectively calls into question whether such a thing as fascism can be said historically to exist at all. (Orwell made the same point many years ago, and Beichman expands upon it at length.) Fascism exists only, he argues, to provide the nearly exhausted apologists of Communism with an example of something worse, between one and the other of which the Dialectic supposedly forces humanity to choose.

Mr. Martino's "The Myth of Social Justice" is unfortunately pedestrian, consisting of an attack on the Rawlsian distributionist notion of equality, which, as has been pointed out many times before, errs fundamentally in assuming that everybody's idea of the good life is precisely equivalent. But the final essay, Kenneth Minogue's "The Myth of Social Conditioning," is worth many times the price of this little volume. It is only 22 pages long, but if it were bound and jacketed and sold for fifteen fifty I should not gag.

MINOGUE is of course the author of the masterly *The Liberal Mind*, a true classic in the study of pathology. Here he addresses himself to an excrescence in intellectual history which has exploded morality, and therefore law and government, into a ruin which would confound even that least spiritual of men, Jeremy Bentham. Why talk about "social conditioning" at all, Minogue wonders, when we have been using for centuries the perfectly respectable and pellucidly clear word, "influence"? The reason, he suggests, is that "conditioning" begins and ends (in "realization") with the self. Although he considers conditioning to be objectively nonsense, he regards the idea itself as "an alternative understanding of the moral life. The developing but forever imperfect moral character adumbrated in the traditional thought of our civilization has been dissolved by the conditioning model into a kind of civil war of the soul: higher realizations struggle with lower conditioning, and beckon us on toward a heaven on earth." □



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ment, which defines the start of human life as the moment of conception and would outlaw abortion entirely. What differentiates Fr. Powell's book from most of its kind, however, is the quiet, loving emotion with which it is rendered. This is not a book of rage, saluting the Bible, the fetus, and Mildred Fay Jefferson while calling for the crucifixion of the feminists. It is almost apologetic for the pro-life position, and yet it is convincing in the vein of Cardinal Newman's famous *Apologia*. His argument against abortion is disarmingly simple: "God sends each person into this world with . . . a special act of love to bestow." Father Powell cogently analyzes the pro-choice arguments, and neatly disposes of several. For example: "It was for a long time asserted in the pro-abortion propaganda that child abuse was the result of people having unwanted children. Studies, however, prove just the opposite. In one study at the University of California Medical Center, it was discovered that 90 per cent of battered and abused children were the result of planned pregnancies. Further, since the abortion decision of the Supreme Court, child abuse has become epidemic." Fr. Powell also denies that abortion is the sanitization of the inevitable—that under stringent anti-abortion laws people would "get them anyway." Fewer than two hundred illegal abortions per year occurred before 1960, Fr. Powell notes, compared to the four hundred abortions that are, on average, performed every day in the Eighties. It has come to the point that, statistically, the most dangerous place for an American to be today is his mother's womb. Arguments which attempt to justify abortion on socio-economic grounds stem from a utilitarian ethos which Fr. Powell laments throughout the book. He writes that the Hegelian prescription: If it is practical, it is morally justifiable, is largely responsible for the ethos which allows us to slaughter fetuses because they inhibit the mother's lifestyle. Yet Fr. Powell, while assailing pragmaticism, is himself practical, at least in that he realizes that the abortion problem is extremely complex, and that its solution must spring from love. "When we react bitterly to the bitter, deceitfully to the deceiving, we have allowed others to decide how we are going to act," he writes. "For me it seems very necessary that those who join the pro-life effort should strive to be actors and not reactors, lovers not haters, and in all things truthful. The whole pro-life effort is either an act of love or it is nothing."

DINESH D'SOUZA

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SHADOWS OF THE STORM, *edited by William C. Davis (Doubleday, 464 pp., $35).* This is the first in a projected series of six volumes (the whole to be called *The Image of War: 1861-1865*) presenting a photographic history of the Civil War, the world's first widely photographed conflict. If *Shadows of the Storm* is any indication, the series will top all previous attempts at this sort of thing. Not only are there 650 photographs reproduced here on superb glossy stock; there are also excellent essays introducing each section of pictures: T. Harry Williams on the coming of the war; W. A. Swanberg on Fort Sumter; Bell I. Wiley on the new recruits, who all assumed the war would be over in months; and James Cullen on the first battle at Bull Run. There are also essays on the war in the West; the navies; J. D. Edwards, the obscure "Photographer of the Confederacy"; the North at war; and the photographers of the war. The tone of the book is set immediately by the editor, William C. Davis: "Thanks to his entrepreneurial genius, Mathew Brady so left his stamp upon Civil War photography that even today the conception is widespread that Brady was the only artist covering the war, that any Civil War photograph is actually a 'Brady.' In actual fact, Brady may not personally have exposed a single one of the thousands of negatives attributed to him. By 1861 his nearsightedness had progressed to such a state that he had left all of the camera work to his assistants, while he personally took the credit. In *The Image of War* an attempt is made to return

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that credit to the largely forgotten men like David B. Woodbury, T. C. Roche, James Gibson, and many others who worked for Brady," not to mention the numerous other photographers who took the 100,000 various images that were examined in the preparation of this series. Some four thousand photographs will be reproduced in the six volumes, over half of them for the first time. There is no reason to believe that the rest of the volumes in the series will not hit the consistently high level of quality seen in *Shadows of the Storm*. *The Image of War* will be as awesome as it is ambitious. JOE MYSAK

JOCK: *The Life and Times of John Hay Whitney, by E. J. Kahn Jr. (Doubleday, 339 pp., $19.95).* This is a fitting memorial volume to Whitney, who died not long after it was published. Whitney was a fabulous figure: financier, racehorse owner, ambassador to Great Britain, publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune* (he was one of the few publishers ever to put $40 million into a newspaper without having to declare bankruptcy), dynamic force behind the production of *Gone with the Wind*, an original backer of Technicolor, and an angel behind the Broadway productions of *Life with Father* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He also was responsible for signing the dulcet-toned Bing Crosby to hawk Minute Maid orange juice concentrate. When captured by the Germans during his stint in the OSS during World War II, Whitney modestly told his interrogator he was a capitalist. To such a character, E. J. Kahn Jr. brings his considerable gifts as a detail man, and in the course of this book relates the Jockey Club rules on naming horses, the correct ritual for presenting one's credentials to the Queen, and the policy followed by the *Herald Tribune* when dealing with Whitney's sister's major league baseball team, the Mets, in the days when no one believed in miracles. Unfortunately, humor is not one of the prolific Mr. Kahn's talents, so jokes are explained parenthetically; and he takes a silly shot at Tom Wolfe's parody profile of *New Yorker* editor William Shawn, originally published in the *Herald Tribune*'s Sunday magazine supplement. It seems an odd thing to dredge up after all these years in so self-righteous a fashion, but it is apparently required of *New Yorker* loyalists. Despite his penchant for taking everything a tad too seriously, Kahn has written the definitive life of Whitney. He manages to squeeze in a lot of life, and a lot of times, and is not cloying about it—no small feat, considering the author knew the subject for thirty years. Kahn has managed to tell the story of the man who inherited the largest fortune ever appraised in America to that time—$179 million, in 1927 dollars—and has done it stylishly, competently, and even dispassionately. OWEN HATTERAS

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Richard B. McKenzie, *Editor*

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[IRVIN] S. COBB:

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Many apologies to our Trans-O-Gram addicts. The solution to last issue's puzzle appeared last issue. The above is the solution to the May 14 puzzle.

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The Carter Freeze

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—Immediately after his inauguration in 1977, President Carter, convinced that basic difficulties with the Soviet Union arose from lack of love and understanding between the two nations, decided to prove to Chairman Leonid Brezhnev that the United States was not paranoid, not suffering from "an inordinate fear of Communism." Hence in March 1977 he proposed to Moscow a brand-new approach to strategic arms limitation. Both sides would actually destroy roughly a third of their weaponry and stop modernizing other systems.

The Muscovite reaction was volcanic: Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko called his first press conference in 17 years to denounce the Americans for their perfidy. The next day National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski held a press conference where he took a harsh line, reflecting his leader's chagrin that this exercise in pious integrity had been so viciously misconstrued. For six months it almost seemed as though we had broken diplomatic relations with the USSR for behaving like Bolsheviks.

A number of us, who refuse to believe our problems in the world arise largely from easily remedied misunderstandings, were hardly surprised by the Kremlin's apoplexy. But we wept at the American response. Here a President, in simple good faith (surely a Carter characteristic), had made a truly revolutionary offer to the Soviets. In return, he was crudely and uncompassionately kicked in the butt.

However, instead of going to the people of the United States and the world with a massive information campaign on how the Soviets had sandbagged a radical effort to freeze the arms race, instead of calling on people of good will everywhere to demand that Moscow prove its dedication to peace, instead of appearing in the UN and every other public forum with resolutions calling on Moscow to cut its arsenal, what did we do? Mr. Carter sulked like a rejected bridegroom and Brzezinski entered a contest with a skunk.

Now we learn more about President Carter's later efforts. The story from Stockholm on May 7 was treated as a one-day non-wonder, but it was dynamite. To quote John Vinocur's lead in the *New York Times*, "Former President Jimmy Carter said here today that he had proposed a freeze on deployment and production of nuclear weapons to Leonid I. Brezhnev three years ago, but that the suggestion had been turned down by the Soviet leader."

On a related matter that has been much in the news because four elder sachems of our foreign-policy establishment—McGeorge Bundy, George F. Kennan, Robert S. McNamara, and Gerard Smith—recently advocated it in *Foreign Affairs*, Carter further noted that Brezhnev in June 1979 rejected a proposal to bar the use of force in Europe obviously including the ban on "first use" of nuclear weapons.

This, and other matters he discussed, all happened in Vienna in June 1979, when he met Brezhnev on the SALT II agreement, since deep-sixed by the Senate. The fascinating question thus arises: Why has he remained silent so long, particularly as the Brezhnev symphony has been playing and replaying the Freeze Overture? Indeed, why in June 1979 did he not inform the world that Brezhnev "refused both proposals and insisted on the deployment of the very formidable SS-20 missile"?

ATTEMPTS to make sense out of the foreign policy of the Carter Administration are exercises in existential futility. However, we can guess that Carter's logic in 1979 was that—with the roof falling in on the American status in Iran—he should take the SALT II treaty and run with it. He desperately needed a foreign-policy accomplishment.

Yet, there were other measures he could have taken: Benjamin Franklin while negotiating American independence with Britain in 1782-83 spread our Declaration of Independence and other similar materials in leading Irish journals. Was it too much to ask President Carter to engage in some effective political warfare?

He could perfectly easily have kept plugging SALT II—for what little it was worth—while spreading the word that he had wanted real cuts and deep freezes, but that Brezhnev had implacably blocked the way to fundamental arms control and disarmament.

The consequence of his silence was that Brezhnev now has over three hundred SS-20s deployed, that nothing has happened to implement the December 1979 NATO decision to counter with 572 Pershing IIs and cruise missiles, and that the Soviet Union is now calling for a freeze and congratulating itself as the world's leading sponsor of arms control and peace. And we have been set up as warmongers! □

NEMESIS IN THE FALKLANDS

Boston—The British expedition to the Falklands has the potential of becoming a major disaster. As I suggested here when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher did her imitation of Queen Victoria, no serious staff work went into the operation. The news that "The Brits are coming!" would put the Argentinians into terrified catatonia. Instead the armada received the same cordial reception the Minutemen at Lexington provided in 1775.

The Argentine seizure of the Falklands was an outrage, a clear violation of the minimal norms of international behavior. But in this harsh and dangerous world outrages cannot be exorcised by singing "Rule Britannia," or, for that matter, declaring the Berlin Wall illegal. Moreover, it was patent from the outset that British public opinion overwhelmingly supported bloodless victory, but backed away from casualties.

Initial backing for Britain by the European Community was similarly conditioned. Now, as its boycott on the import of Argentine products comes up for rediscussion, the European sentiment seems to be that the British are in the right, provided they don't sock the Argentine mainland. In other words, Britain is free to launch an amphibious assault to liberate the islands, but must not broaden the war.

If we turn to the military front, the Argentinians have made a home run while the British get the equivalent of a ground-rule single. The sinking of the geriatric Argentine cruiser *General Belgrano* by a nuclear attack sub was like taking out a knife-armed mugger with an M-16. It was World War I stuff. Sinking the new destroyer *Sheffield* with a $200,000 air-launched Exocet missile was a symbol of the new era of naval warfare.

It was prefigured in 1967 when an Egyptian (Soviet Komar) fast attack craft tossed a Styx missile into the Israeli destroyer *Elat* and utterly demolished her.

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But admirals the world over love ships and look on ballistic missiles the way traditional cavalrymen viewed the tank. Worse, the more you push them on the danger of missiles, the bigger ships they want.

Can you visualize the joy in the heart of a Soviet Backfire pilot, his craft loaded with sophisticated air-to-surface missiles, if he spotted a Nimitz carrier on his radar? We are not considering nuclear-tipped missiles. Merely conventional ones like the Exocet, which came in under the radar and homed in perfectly on the *Sheffield*'s command system.

So now we have the British with perhaps five thousand crack troops prowling around the Falklands in the world's worst weather. An eighth of their jets are gone: one shot down, the other two possibly blown to Antarctica. (The survivors of the *General Belgrano* had to cope with 70 mph gales; the miracle is so many made it.) The jump-jets and Sea King choppers would be ideal for invading the Isle of Man. And the Argentinians have the advantage of being dug in with fixed fields of fire.

Suppose, for a change, we take the best-case scenario and assume the British successfully land and retake the Falklands. Has anyone asked, "Then what?" Is the garrison going to stay indefinitely, presumably reinforced by sophisticated aircraft? The Argentinians are 225 miles away and could drop in again any time, while the British are at the end of an eight-thousand-mile logistical trail.

No effort was made to burn the hornet's nest: Vulcan bombers which could, with protection by air-refueled Jaguars, have leveled the Argentine choke-point, Comodoro Rivadavia on the mainland, wandered down to tear up the airfield at Port Stanley. And the European Community has now, in effect, outlawed any such action: mainland Argentina has become a sanctuary.

IT WOULD be a mistake to look only at the military aspects of this exercise. If, when the fog lifts, Argentina is still in control of the Falklands, a bad precedent will be set. Venezuela claims over half of Guyana, Guatemala claims Belize, Peru and Bolivia both want the Chilean province of Tarapaca won in the War of the Pacific of 1879-83, and, of course, Spain wants Gibraltar, a demand slightly muted by the fact that Morocco wants three Spanish enclaves on its turf.

Finally, the impact of disaster on Britain would be imponderable. First, the Thatcher government would fall and most likely be replaced with a circus run by the clowns, Michael Foot and his Labor colleagues, who have cunningly distanced themselves from the Falklands enterprise.

I have taken a dim view of it, but for practical reasons: Foot and his semi-ally Tony Benn have come extremely close to justifying the Argentine claim and calling for a game of ring around the rosie at the UN. A Foot-Benn victory would be the last nail in NATO's coffin. Bad news any way you look at it. □

EPIPHANY OR ACCIDENT?

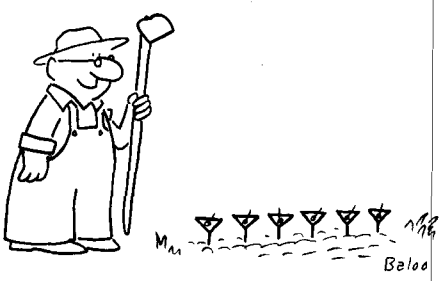
Boston—I have been writing this column since the fall of 1968 and have, I suppose, received about a ton of responsive mail. Much of it is the unsigned stuff written with red or green (why?) felt pens that fills me in on my ancestry, character, and related matters. But there have also been reunions with old friends and acquaintances that have been truly heartwarming.

The most moving experience in this category was my reunion, by mail, with my first love: Miss Julia Maloney. Miss Maloney was my first-grade teacher and I adored her; I even behaved in her classroom. About a decade ago I got a letter from her asking if I was the same person as the youngster she recalled.

We began a correspondence in the course of which she sent me a book on the Irish town of Carrick-on-Suir wondering if I was related to a Roche who has acquired fame in this Tipperary cosmopolis. Since my ancestors were Corkies who tried to pass as Kerrymen, I could claim no connection, but put the book on the shelf. Miss Maloney was disappointed, but there are a lot of Roches in southwest Ireland (they misspell it Roach in the north).

Now it so happens that my birthday recently loomed up and my bride of 35 years decided to cheer me with a bit of a party. She invited some close friends and after dinner, in a chat that began with the film *Gallipoli* and wandered off to the Falklands, Brendan and I got off on military misadventures we had known. On this he is something of an expert. A week after the Nazis surrendered, his mine-sweeper was blown sky-high and he spent the next year in the hospital.

For intricate family reasons that would only be understood by an Irish spinster great-aunt who keeps the books, he grew up in Ireland though most of his family had moved across to Britain. He launched on his grandmother's version of the Irish Civil War that raged in the early 1920s—she made Sean O'Casey sound like a roaring patriot—and in particular on the famous battle of Carrick-on-Suir.



As he went on: "Michael Collins's men were in our attic shooting at Dev's crowd in the house across the field: she said they mortally wounded a cow," my computer was spinning. Carrick-on-Suir, Carrick-on-Suir, where had I heard of that town before? Then I remembered and rushed upstairs. God be praised! There it was: *Carrick-on-Suir: Its People* by A. Powers, a privately printed volume.

At this point we began a second evening. Brendan seemed to be related to half the people mentioned, there was a picture of the convent school his mother had attended, and to cap it off a shot of a rally by the long-forgotten Irish Mussolini, General O'Duffy, which he had attended to hoot and howl.

O'Duffy is famous in limited circles for raising a regiment to fight for France in the Spanish Civil War, but taking them to Cork when the ship was waiting at Limerick. Half his troops decided this was not the leadership they wanted and vanished. There was also a graphic description of the battle of Carrick, which, needless to say, differed widely from his grandmother's.

WE ENDED up virtually reading the book aloud, with commentary, and then began working through the genealogical detail. "Isn't it odd, now, that he forgot to mention Liam's drunken brother who set out in a mood of passion to burn Reilly's barn, but got confused and burned his own?" At one point in the celebration I was reminded of a remark by a Jewish friend that the great thing about Israel is that you can tell a good Jewish joke and not be accused of antisemitism.

If the truth be told, there was once a nasty gunfight between the Free Staters and the Sinn Fein broken up by a rainstorm. The participants fled to a nearby pub and ended up several hours later deciding to go back to war with England. However, items of this sort seldom make it into military histories.

To make a long and pleasant evening short, Brendan now has the book and suspects that Miss Maloney may be related to his grandmother—she spelled it the same way. And shortly the peace and quiet of Waterloo, upstate New York, where Miss Maloney lives in retirement, will be broken as she acquires another devoted admirer.

Finally, is anyone really prepared to argue that this whole event was purely accidental? For whatever it may be worth, two full professors, admittedly of superstitious stock but noted for their cold-eyed view of the world, and their wives of unimpeachable rational ancestry, felt they had experienced an epiphany. Bless Miss Julia Maloney! □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Irreverent Dr. Graham

On The Right

New York, May 20—Shortly after the end of the war, just before the Soviet-American military glow dissipated, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker was given one of those prettified tours made famous by Prince Potemkin. Asked on his return what were his impressions of life in the Soviet Union, Captain Rickenbacker said: "Wonderful! No labor-union problems!" The Reverend Billy Graham has done as much to sink a generation's scholarship, journalistic research, and moral analysis, as Rickenbacker would have done, if he had been taken seriously. It is sad to say this, Rickenbacker having been one of my heroes (and friends), Billy Graham someone I have greatly admired (and been befriended by). But my sadness cannot compare to the awful misery of millions of Russians. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, reading the accounts of Graham's pilgrimage, must feel about as Wiesenthal would have felt if Rabbi Stephen Wise had traveled to Germany in 1939 to announce that he found no real difference between race relations under Nazism, and at home.

Apologists for Billy Graham will make the point that diplomatic constraints are paramount; and they will be wrong. Diplomatic constraints are paramount in the world of diplomacy. But the world of diplomacy is the world of Caesar, and it is not the service to that world that Billy Graham became famous for, or that those who have followed his banner are enjoined to concern themselves with. We do not doubt that Caesar has the power to make war, and to devastate the world. Under the circumstances one might excuse a Chamberlain's making flattering references to Adolf Hitler, or a Nixon's praising Mao Tse-tung. But although one cannot expect even the Pope to travel to a foreign land and there to criticize Caesar, it is a profanation to praise such Caesars as are engaged in mounting what the journalist Henry Kamm of the *New York Times* once described as the most sustained assault against the human spirit in human history; and to affect ignorance about the condition of religious liberty in the Soviet Union.

1. Billy Graham told reporters that the churches he had visited in Moscow were as crowded as those in Charlotte, North Carolina. The *Washington Post*'s Dusko Doder revealed that one-third of the congregation in the churches Graham entered consisted of KGB agents, and one-third international participants in the disarmament conference (one-third older women).

2. Asked to comment on a banner, protesting the lack of religious freedom in Russia, that a Russian woman had fleetingly unfurled before being carried off by the police, Graham said that, after all, people are arrested all over the world "for all kinds of reasons." In his own church, he said, some people "have been taken out by the police" for "causing disturbances." Right. In America it is to cause a disturbance to interfere with someone who preaches the word of God. In the Soviet Union it is to cause a disturbance to preach the word of God.

3. Asked whether he agreed with the assertion of the Metropolitan of the Russian Orthodox Church that there was complete religious freedom in the Soviet Union, Graham replied that he just didn't "know," he had been only in Moscow for a few days, and "the churches that are open, of which there are thousands, seem to have liberty to have worship services." Billy Graham made these statements just one hour's travel time from Zagorsk, the spiritual home of Russia, one of the three surviving seminaries, reduced in number *after* the death of Stalin. There in Zagorsk they anoint a dozen ministers per year—to serve 250 million Russians. Rather like eyedropping holy water into Hell. Soviet practice outlaws most religions; the Soviets ban proselytizing religion among anyone under 18 years of age; and Soviet dogma holds religion to be the opiate of the masses. If these facts aren't known to the schoolchildren of Charlotte, North Carolina, then the schools in Charlotte are stricken by the same incubus that has paralyzed the moral intelligence of Billy Graham.

At the American Embassy in Moscow there have resided, in seclusion, six Pentecostals seeking immigration into any land that will permit them religious freedom. They sought a visit by Billy Graham, and at first he refused. But this so shocked whatever there is of a moral community in the diplomatic set, that finally he agreed to go to them and pray, but set down such conditions as that there could be no reporters, that curtains would be closed on the assembly, that there would be no photographers. When Billy Graham left, one of the six (she had dared to hope that Graham would intercede for her and her fellow communicants) was physically sick. So should be those thousands who have struggled to tell the story of what life is, in the Soviet Union.

On impulse, I called one such, to ask about religious liberty in the Soviet Union. Her answer: "It is forbidden to buy a copy of the Bible." Need more be said? My informant is the daughter of the man who passed that edict, the daughter of Josef Stalin. □

THE SOCIAL SECURITY QUARREL

New York, May 17—Suppose, just to suppose, that we were back in 1970, and we huddled together to talk about Social Security. Suppose then that two options crystallized on how to increase Social Security payments during the ensuing decade, to wit:

1. Social Security payments should rise at the same rate as real income rises for the working population. For instance, if real income rose by 3 per cent for the working man, Social Security should rise 3 per cent for the nonworking man.

2. Social Security payments should rise according as inflation diminishes the dollar value of annual payments—without any reference to rises in the income of the working population. For instance, if you had 5 per cent inflation, and a 3 per cent rise in the relative income of the working population, Social Security should go up the full 5 per cent, even though real income is down 2 per cent.

You will have guessed that although 1) above makes economic and moral sense, 2) above was adopted—which, together with attendant confusions of calculation, created the present crisis.

Now here is an interesting juxtaposition. In the interminable talks about the budget, it was recently proposed that Social Security payments over the next year be reduced by $40 billion. Howls of pain were promptly cranked out, and Senator Christopher Dodd actually undertook the arithmetic to figure out that forty million Americans receiving $40 billion less in

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benefits would equal a $1,000 contribution per American.

The juxtaposition is that if Social Security retirees had been raised, between 1970 and 1980, at the same rate as the working man advanced, the annual saving would amount to exactly that—$40 billion. In other words, at existing levels of payment, because of imprecise calculations made a dozen years ago, the American nonworker is advancing by leaps and bounds compared to the American worker. Professor Martin Feldstein of Harvard, in a penetrating article in the *Wall Street Journal*, calculated that under existing practices, Social Security retirees are accumulating income at a 50 per cent greater rate than the American working man. Indeed here is the most startling figure of all. The median American who is retired is receiving checks equal to 78 per cent of the highest salary he made while he was working. But that is only the beginning. Since he does not pay tax on those checks, the figure rises to 90 per cent of after-tax income of the working man. So that the working man who is spending forty hours a week at the factory, paying mortgage payments on the house and car, and educating his children, is earning only a very little bit more than the nonworking man, unburdened by young children, many living in houses bought and paid for, with no obligation to go to work.

Most people who are not Christopher Dodd would agree that it isn't fair to consider people on Social Security without also considering people who are not on Social Security. If there were money decoctable from the air or from ocean water, why—go ahead and double Social Security payments. But anything that is paid to those over 65, is paid for by those under 65. It does not matter that those over 65 contributed to Social Security during their working lifetime—because those "contributions" were treated as current revenue, and spent by the government. Although one speaks of "trust funds" they are, as we all know, illusory. The so-called "deficit" in the Social Security program is merely the excess paid out over the amount paid in. The amount paid in has increased five times since 1940, and will need to be increased again very soon as the percentage of the population over 65 rises.

So what to do? Professor Feldstein has a proposal which is undramatic, but meliorative. Namely to continue to increase Social Security payments by the sum total of that year's inflation—less 2 per cent. Do that, until you achieve parity between contributions paid in and contributions paid out. Bearing in mind that real increases in Social Security payments should not exceed real increases in productivity.

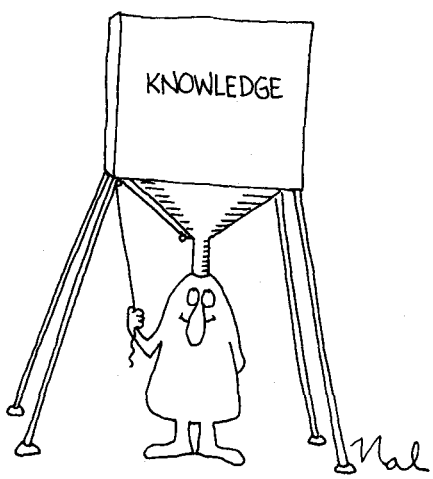
That program would save $12 to $15 billion per year, which once upon a time wasn't peanuts. Better than that is needed, and could be expected, if justice, rather than demagogic cant, governed the political dialogue. □

THE MEANING OF EUREKA

New York, May 24—Several things are to be learned from Mr. Reagan's speech at Eureka. Better, there are several things we need to be reminded of.

1. The first of these is that unless counteraction exerts progressive pressures, it will end by exerting none at all, and one might as well forget the provocation. If we were to have a disagreement with Mexico tomorrow, it is unlikely that President Reagan would deliver a speech ending, "Remember the Alamo!" Ongoing negotiations between East and West Germany concerning trade, cultural exchange, and this and that are nowadays conducted without any reference at all to the Berlin Wall. When it arose, in the summer of 1961, we had an opportunity to protest it. Indeed, we had an opportunity to tear it down (which is what Khrushchev thought we would actually do). The West having failed to do so, the Wall assumed a perpetuity one accepts as instinctively as the skyline of New York.

The failure of President Reagan to impose against the Soviet Union realistic sanctions when Russian stooges militarized Poland reminds us now that for all intents and purposes we simply did nothing to help Poland. In January we did put off arms-control talks. But now, four months later, notwithstanding the most recent intensification of the Polish suppression, President Reagan has announced that he is willing to talk arms control with Brezhnev more or less any old time. There may be a good argument against using arms-control talks as a factor in linkage; but let us at least be clear that we did use arms control as a factor; that the Soviet Union persevered in Poland; that we talked about "other sanctions"; and that these never eventuated. In between, we ponied up the money necessary to prevent Poland from going into default. So: Apply sanctions you know will be tough, or forget about them.



2. President Reagan's initiative in the matter of arms control is strategically meaningless, though politically deft. There is absolutely nothing to be lost by saying, oh, every six months, that both the Soviet Union and the United States should lower their warheads by five hundred, or five thousand, or their fixed missile sites by one hundred, or one thousand—you decide. The late Congressman Rich of Pennsylvania created a one-man tradition in the House of Representatives over a period of several dozen years by getting up just before every vote and addressing a solitary remark to the chair: "Where are we going to get the money?" He had nothing to lose by saying it; and, in a perfunctory sort of way, the House had nothing to lose from this sing-song appeal to its slumbering virtue. Congress continued on its inflationary way; and the Soviet Union on its militant way.

3. There is absolutely nothing in the imagination of man to prevent the Soviet Union from getting down to the business of strategic arms reduction. They can do it by urging their own initiative; or by accepting ours. The trouble with SALT II is that it effected disproportionate reductions; and these we do not want, for obvious reasons. But if the Soviet Union were —for the first time in its diplomatic history—to consent absolutely to lower its firepower, and to permit verification that it had done so, we might be on the way to meaningful disarmament.

4. The objective of the United States should be eventually to reach a level of disarmament at which mutual extermination is impossible. It matters not a whit whether we are currently equipped to wipe out every Russian ten times over or vice versa. It matters very much that we should so move the Russians as to cause them to desire to cut down strategic nuclear forces to a level this side of M(utual) A(ssured) D(estruction).

If by doubling our current redundant nuclear power we could bring about Soviet resolution for genuine disarmament, why, doubling our nuclear power would clearly be the way to go. Meanwhile, merely repeating our disposition to trim is harmless—provided the unilateralists don't come to power. And that's not going to happen while the man from Eureka is in the White House, and that's really the important datum, never mind the Reagan-Brezhnev ballet, for which there is no background music. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. This will be impossible after WW III — 84 11 21 35 64 80 174 188 214 221

B. This man has to pay for a Pullman berth — 19 117 121 33 48 75 101 106 4 44

52 212

C. Alexander the Great's horse, beyond the shadow of a doubt — 23 68 94 105 114 152 167 217 77 107

D. "Our good prince" in Robert Southey's "The Battle of Blenheim" — 46 3 61 73 99 113 83 130 20 24

183 190 216

E. Italian for Heinie + *American* for Chester = more bounce to the ounce — 50 54 104 222 38 30 119 92

F. A singular name for an instrument (from Fr. etui) — 58 40 134 147 197 175 10

G. What fun on Capitol Hill is — 76 93 5 110 225 97 173 150 25

H. Two brothers from *Exodus* who were never in the same outfield — 168 129 151 164 172 186 200 209 211 1

8 28 103

I. A *subcontinent* + a continent = one of our states — 36 74 142 158 160 170 181

J. A great nation that disarmed—what became of it? — 185 39 109 177 180 182 195 166 199 53

139

K. The Jewish ritual for the Seder (var. sp.) — 203 95 67 98 41 220 63

L. STOP FINER PEG (anagram) — 218 15 51 65 29 85 191 100 133 123

154 178

M. Argentina's seizure of this archipelago will rile Fritz's brother — 90 7 127 146 196 206 179 219 132 189

N. A small planet between Mars and Jupiter — 102 78 187 12 42 87 125 162

O. Where Cain and his wife lived (*don't ask me where he met her!*) — 2 17 27

P. My favorite relative — 108 161 111 96 14 32 224 82

Q. Wrinkles around the eyes — 210 16 213 223 57 9 26 34 202

R. When this Yankee pitcher got an A for effort, he became a catcher — 215 149 88 37 155 208

S. A town on the Clackamas R., Ore. — 71 124 138 140 112 144 43 159

T. Miss Earhart improved matters — 135 62 86 118 120 176 157 165 205 6

201

U. The first name of the man who discovered the South Pole — 148 89 204 136 59

V. What Mussolini was — 163 192 66 45 79 128 115

W. FUN FAIRS (anagram) — 194 131 47 55 91 116 145 81

X. An inferior imitator — 122 18 56 171 60 141 69

Y. To enlighten — 156 70 137 193 31

Z. Fauna — 13 184 207 22 169 126 153

* A 13th century collection of Old Norse poems — 198 72 143 49

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 714 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 H		2 O	3 D	4 B	5 G	6 T	7 M	8 H		9 Q	10 F	11 A	12 N
13 Z	14 P		15 L	16 Q	17 O	18 X	19 B	20 D	21 A	22 Z		23 C	24 D	25 G	26 Q	27 O		28 H	29 L
	30 E	31 Y	32 P	33 B	34 Q	35 A	36 I	37 R		38 E	39 J	40 F	41 K	42 N	43 S	44 B	45 V	46 D	
47 W	48 B	49 *	50 E		51 L	52 B	53 J	54 E	55 W	56 X	57 Q	58 F		59 U	60 X	61 D	62 T	63 K	
64 A	65 L	66 V	67 K	68 C	69 X	70 Y	71 S	72 *		73 D	74 I	75 B	76 G	77 C	78 N	79 V	80 A	81 W	82 P
	83 D	84 A		85 L	86 T	87 N	88 R	89 U	90 M	91 W	92 E	93 G	94 C	95 K	96 P		97 G	98 K	99 D
100L	101B	102N	103H	104E	105C		106B	107C		108P	109J	110G	111P	112S	113D	114C	115V	116W	117B
118T	119E		120T		121B	122X	123L		124S	125N	126Z	127M	128V		129H	130D		131W	132M
133L	134F	135T	136U	137Y	138S	139J		140S	141X	142I		143*	144S	145W	146M	147F	148U	149R	150G
151H		152C	153Z	154L	155R	156Y	157T	158I	159S		160I	161P	162N		163V	164H	165T	166J	
167C	168H	169Z	170I	171X		172H	173G	174A	175F		176T	177J		178L	179M	180J		181I	182J
183D	184Z	185J	186H	187N	188A	189M		190D	191L		192V		193Y	194W	195J	196M	197F	198*	
199J	200H	201T		202Q	203K	204U	205T		206M	207Z	208R	209H		210Q	211H	212B		213Q	214A
215R	216D		217C	218L	219M	220K		221A	222E		223Q	224P	225G						

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When a major electric company turns on to modular carpet, Milliken gives it the power.

"In developing design solutions responsive to user needs, our design team required a flexible and versatile modular floor covering, a lightfast product, and capability for the execution of an overprint satisfying esthetic parameters."

William L. Pulgram, AIA, ASID
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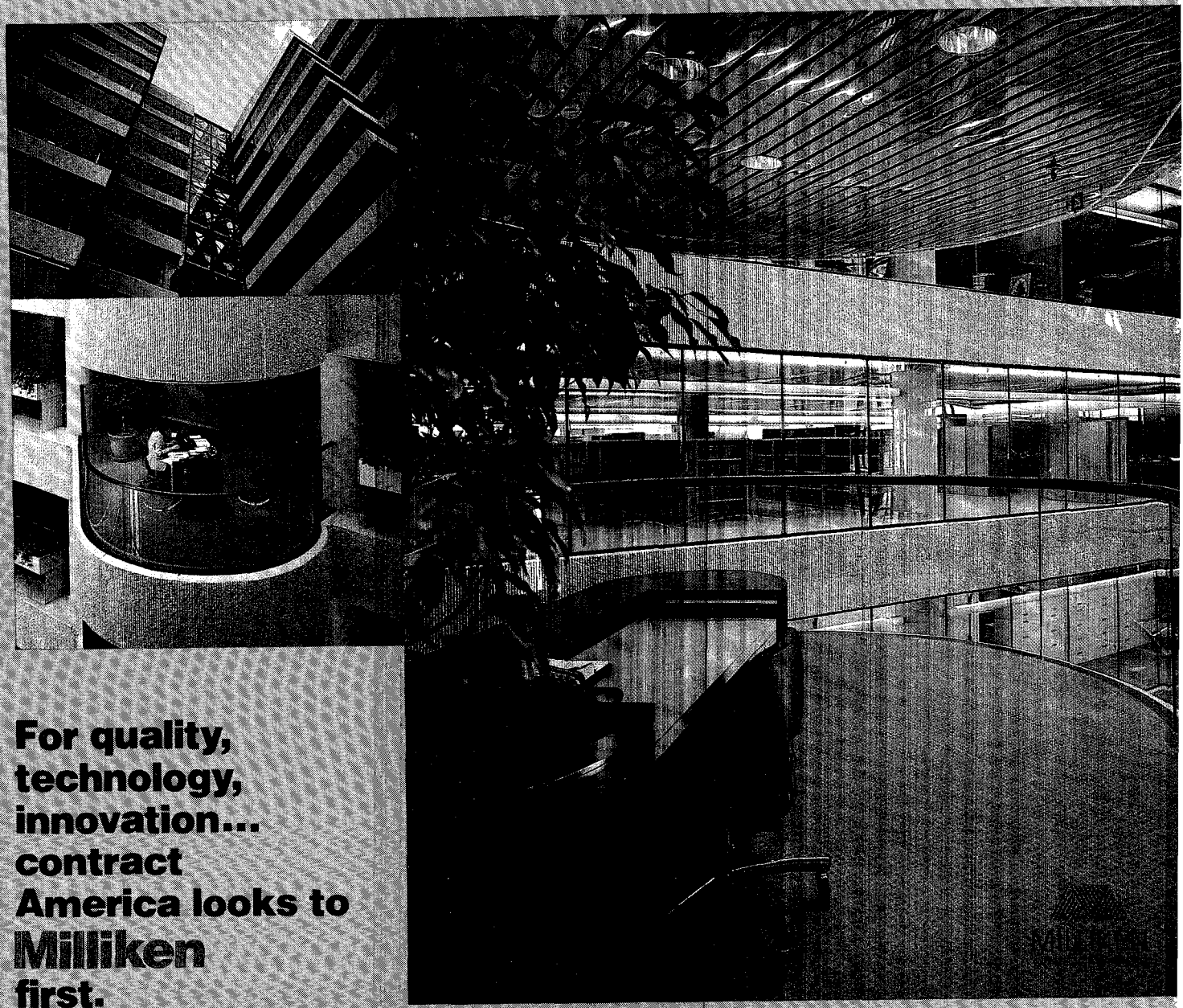

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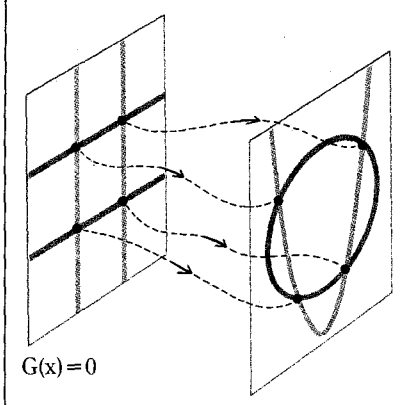
The Continuation Method

The need to solve systems of polynomial equations arises in pursuits ranging from geometric optics to chemical kinetics. A practical method of solution, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, provides designers of mechanical parts with a new capability.

Two equations in two unknowns



The two pairs of parallel lines of G(x)=0 evolve into the parabola and ellipse of F(x)=0.

The three pairs of parallel planes of G(x)=0 evolve into the paraboloid, ellipsoid and cylinder of F(x)=0.

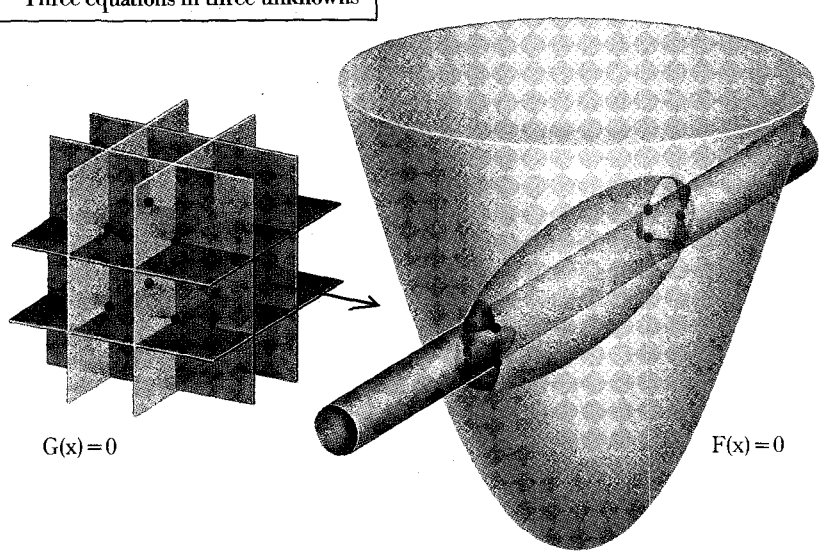
CLASSICALLY difficult non-linear equations—those made up of polynomial expressions—can now be solved with reliability and speed. Recent advances in the mathematics of continuation methods at the General Motors Research Laboratories have practical implications for a wide range of scientific and engineering problems. The immediate application at General Motors is in mechanical design. The new method finds all eight solutions to three quadric equations in a few tenths of a second—fast enough for computer-aided design on a moment-to-moment basis. Algorithms based on this method are critical to the functioning of GMSOLID, an interactive design system which models the geometric characteristics of automotive parts.

Systems of non-linear equations have been solved for many years by "hit or miss" *local* methods. The method developed at General Motors by Dr. Alexander Morgan is distinguished by being *global* and *exhaustive*. Local methods depend on an initial estimate of the solution. They proceed by iterative modifications of this estimate to converge to a solution. However, success is not guaranteed, because there are generally no practical guidelines for making an initial choice that will ensure convergence. Reliability is further compromised when multiple solutions are sought.

Global methods, by contrast, do not require an initial estimate of the solution. The continuation method, as developed by Dr. Morgan, is not only global, but also exhaustive in that, assuming exact arithmetic, it guarantees convergence to all solutions. The convergence proof rests on principles from the area of mathematics called differential topology.

Here is the way continuation works. Suppose we want to solve a system $F(x)=0$. We begin by generating a simpler system $G(x)=0$ which we can both solve and continuously evolve into $F(x)=0$. It is important that we select a G properly, so the process will converge. Dr. Morgan has devised a method for selecting G which gives rapid convergence and reliable computational behavior. He first applied a theorem established by Garcia and

Three equations in three unknowns



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Zangwill to select G. However, the resulting algorithm could not achieve the speed and computational reliability necessary for several applications. Next, he utilized some ideas from algebraic geometry—"homogenous coordinates" and "complex projective space"—to prove a new theorem for selecting G. The result of Dr. Morgan's efforts is a practical numerical method based on solid mathematical principles with innate reliability.

Reliability is the critical element for mathematical methods embedded in large computer programs, because errors may not become evident until after they have ruined a large data structure compiled at great expense and effort. Speed is also important to economical real-time implementation. This method has proved to be reliable and fast in solving problems involving equations up to the sixth degree in three or four variables. However, there are obvious practical limitations on the number of equations and their degree, due to the limited precision of computer arithmetic and computer resource availability.

THE FIGURES illustrate the transition from simple $G(x)=0$ to final $F(x)=0$. In both figures, the "simplicity" of $G(x)=0$ is reflected graphically in its linear structure—seen as lines and planes. The non-linearity of $F(x)=0$ is seen in the curvature of the final shapes in each figure.

In figure 1, the four dots on the left plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $G(x)=0$. The four dots on the right plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $F(x)=0$. The dashed lines represent simultaneous solutions to intermediate systems whose graphs would show the evolution from one configuration to the other. With the addition of a third dimension in figure 2, the number of dots representing simultaneous solutions doubles. Representation of the transitional points, as in figure 1, would require a fourth dimension.

"Continuation methods, although well known to mathematicians," says Dr. Morgan, "are not widely used in science and engineering. Acoustics, kinematics and non-linear circuit design are just a few fields that could benefit immediately. I expect to see much greater use of this mathematical tool in the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Alexander Morgan is a Senior Research Scientist in the Mathematics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Morgan received his graduate degrees from Yale University in the field of differential topology. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the geometry of differential manifolds. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he taught mathematics at the University of Miami in Florida and worked as an analyst at the Department of Energy's Savannah River Plant in South Carolina.

While serving in the U.S. Army, Dr. Morgan participated in the development and analysis of simulation models at the Strategy and Tactics Analysis Group in Bethesda, Maryland.

Dr. Morgan's current research interests include the qualitative theory of ordinary differential equations and the numerical solution of non-linear equations.

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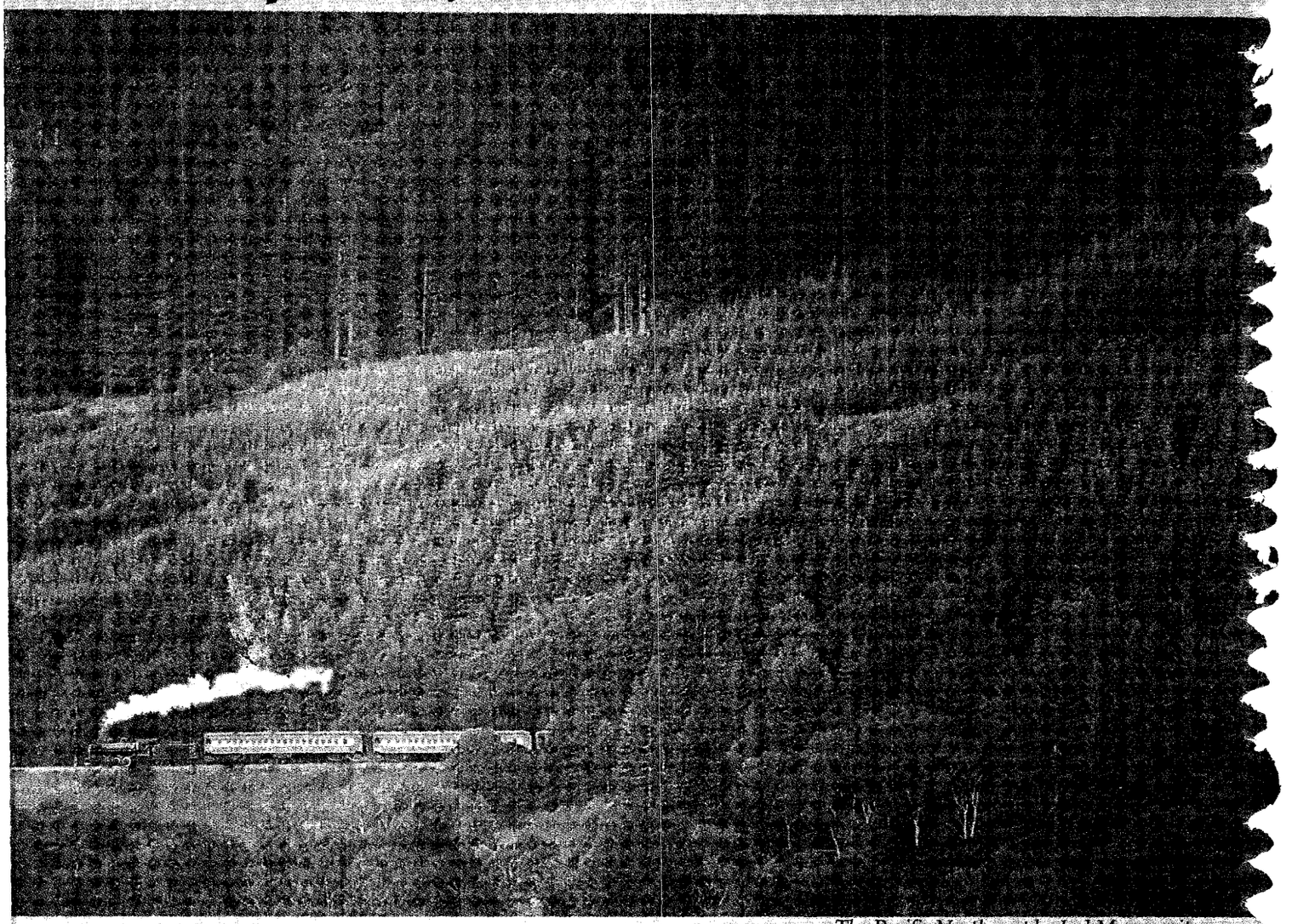
The Spirit of America



The Pacific Northwest by Joel Meyerowitz

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